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NOTES OF THE WEEK

M DOUMERGUE'S official visit to this country has resulted in very friendly newspaper articles on both sides of the Channel, and therefore it should have created that favourable atmosphere in which apparently insoluble difficulties are easily solved. But Sir Austen Chamberlain must read French comment with raised eyebrows, for Paris has chosen to interpret the reference to the *Entente Cordiale* in the King's speech as an indication that the policy of Locarno has been definitely abandoned. It would have been little short of a diplomatic blunder had the King failed to refer to a friendship between Great Britain and France which, despite many difficulties, has lasted for a full generation. Sir Austen Chamberlain himself has greatly modified his views since he returned triumphantly from the Locarno Conference, but we are unable to believe that he has gone back to the idea of an alliance with France, which it was his ambition to achieve when he first came into office.

From the fact that M. Briand brought no *dossiers* with him to London it has been argued that his discussions with Sir Austen Chamberlain have not been of great political importance. But no *dossier* is needed to enable the two Foreign Ministers to discuss how far they will go in order to keep Herr Stresemann in office. Unless there is a substantial reduction in the number of foreign troops in the Rhineland it is quite certain that within a very few weeks the German Foreign Secretary will resign. France shows little readiness to accede to his request that some 25,000 men should be withdrawn in order to bring the garrisons down roughly to the size of the German garrisons before the war, and still less to consider the demand for complete evacuation which will inevitably be made before the summer is over. If Herr Stresemann goes, Locarno goes, and Sir Austen's success in persuading France to be conciliatory will be the best measure of the value of M. Doumergue's visit.

The raiding of the offices of Arcos and the Russian Trade Delegation is one of the most extraordinary incidents in the history of relations

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between Great Britain and Russia, and, although we must withhold final criticism until the Home Secretary has explained to the House of Commons his reasons for authorizing such a step, there are one or two points which call for immediate comment. In the first place, although Commander Locker-Lampson, on behalf of the Foreign Office, declared on Monday last that Mr. Khinchuk, the Chief of the Trade Delegation, did not enjoy diplomatic immunity, he made precisely opposite declarations on June 23 and July 1 last year. On the latter occasion he stated that there was no difference of substance between the immunities enjoyed by the Head of the Trade Delegation and by Commercial Counsellors attached to the embassies of the Great Powers. Does anyone imagine that a raid on the offices of the French Commercial Attaché, for example, including the capture of his cipher, would not bring at least as indignant a note or protest as that sent by M. Litvinoff from Moscow?

Every embassy and every legation in London has in its files documents the publication of which might arouse the ire of the *Daily Mail*, and which have not always been obtained by very honest methods. The stolen document for which the police were searching may be in an altogether different category, but, since it was not found, the raid is very difficult to justify. A breach with Russia, which will now be somewhat difficult to avoid, would seriously affect British prestige throughout Europe, where our strength depends upon our impartiality. If Sir Austen really agreed to the raid, he was deliberately taking a step which will compel him to give way time after time to France, Italy, Poland, and the rest of them, in order to obtain their support against the Bolsheviks. This consideration is even more serious than the fact that Arcos was on the point of concluding much more important contracts for trade with this country than any that have been concluded hitherto.

Whatever may be the ultimate judgment on the raid, there can be no two opinions on the action of the Trades Union Congress General Council in addressing a letter of protest to the Prime Minister. This body has a curious conception of its duties. It seems to regard itself as a kind of Alternative Government, whose function it is to issue manifestoes expressing its approval or disapproval of the acts of the King's Ministers. Lately it sent a Note to Mr. Chen dissociating itself from the action of the Government in transporting troops to Shanghai. Nothing shows more clearly than such impudences the need for legislation to restrain the illegitimate tasks which the Trade Union movement has taken upon itself.

The Southborough Committee has reported that "the systems of disinterested management of public-houses are of proved value and should be encouraged." The recommendation that disinterested management should be fostered will be generally approved, but its benefits, so far as we can see, are likely to be more in its influence on ordinary commercial enterprise, to which it may set a standard, than in its attempts to meet the general demand. We fear that disinterested

management can never cover the whole field, and it is quite clear that, as the Southborough Committee says, without a comprehensive scheme of licensing reform, such as the Committee was precluded from entering upon, it is impossible to provide legislative means of extending the benefits of the disinterested systems examined during the inquiry. Let not reformers deceive themselves. In the main, the problem of transforming the often highly objectionable public-houses of to-day into the wholesome places of refreshment they should be will have to be solved on a commercial basis with the co-operation of concerns and persons far from disinterested. What the self-sacrificing enterprises can do, and to some extent already have done, is to set up standards to which, for ordinary business reasons, profit-seeking ventures will find it desirable to conform.

A great point with all reformers of the public-house is the provision of meals. As regards a considerable proportion of public-houses more could undoubtedly be done in this matter with advantage alike to the establishment and to consumers; but there are public-houses which cannot possibly secure custom for meals. Situation makes all the difference. It must also be remembered, as the Southborough Committee remarks in a singularly lucid and candid report, that a large number of those who use public-houses go to them not for food but for social purposes. Further, it is to be borne in mind that when a public-house is improved, many of its former clients transfer their custom to some neighbouring un-improved house, where they feel more at home, and unless the improved house can compensate itself by the fairly speedy attraction of a new body of clients it finds itself penalized for an effort which should have brought it reward. We have no wish to chill the enthusiasm of workers in so good a cause as the reform of the public-house, but we are bound to note the serious practical difficulties in the way of changes which they and we desire.

The group of Conservative members of the House of Commons responsible for a vigorous endeavour to avert the collapse of the Whitley Councils may count on sympathy from most of those who are alive to the danger in which those bodies stand. Employers who are loyal to Whitley Council agreements find themselves undercut by unorganized employers; the temptation to retire from employers' federations is strong, and to the extent to which it is not resisted the Whitley Councils must be put in peril. To be sure, the principle of the Whitley Councils was voluntary action; but the Whitley Committee contemplated the sanction of law being ultimately given to agreements made by the Councils, provided a demand for such sanction came from the Councils themselves. No less than twenty-one Councils have in fact put forth that demand, the Bill promoted on their behalf passed its second reading in 1924 by a very large majority, and there is a good case for now expediting legislation which would have come into force then but for the accident of dissolution.

The disruption of the Nationalist Party in China has destroyed our hopes that the number

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of conflicting Governments in that unfortunate country might shortly be reduced to one or, at the most, two. We are now back at the stage of conflicting War Lords, each out to grab as much as he can from his own compatriots. Chiang Kai-shek is moving northwards as fast as his lack of transport will allow, and Chang Tso-lin is pushing his troops towards the south. The Hankow Government is negotiating with everybody who will negotiate with it, and Wu Pei-fu has become very friendly towards Peking owing to the advance of Feng Yu-hsiang. In this scramble for power the only chance for the ultimate recovery of our trade lies in a policy of non-intervention, but one step could usefully be taken at the present moment by foreign Powers. There should be a definite refusal to send to China a single rifle or a single shell, for it is this supply of war material, which increased by nearly three thousand per cent. between 1920 and 1925, that enables the War Lords to show so much activity.

The delegates of Great Britain, the United States, and Japan will meet in Geneva, probably on June 20, to discuss the reduction of naval armaments. Several of the experts on the League of Nations Preparatory Commission for the general Disarmament Conference seem to have been acting on instructions to obstruct progress in every way, but there is little fear that similar tactics will be employed at this more limited three-Power Conference. Both the British and Japanese delegates will put forward far-reaching proposals. The British Government, for example, is expected to suggest a drastic reduction in the maximum tonnage of capital ships, cruisers, destroyers, and submarines, while Japan, taking into consideration the peculiar needs of the British Empire, will probably urge the adoption of the following ratio for auxiliary craft: Great Britain, 5; the United States and Japan, 4; France and Italy, 2.5. This ratio, which makes substantial concessions to French and Italian claims, should prove quite acceptable to this country, and, if the United States shows an equal desire to compromise, agreement should be reached with relatively little difficulty.

That literature in America is exposed to the attacks of persons, official and other, with an instinct for discovering obscenity is not news. But it is surprising to learn, from a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, that the passion for censorship has prevailed in Boston to the extent he describes. The booksellers of that centre of culture, we are told, have made slavish submission to some self-appointed group of censors, and any work of which these experts in indecency disapprove is at once withdrawn from sale. The publishers have protested, but so far, it seems, in vain. Still more difficult to understand is the zeal of the United States Customs officials in dealing with imported editions of the classics of European literature. Quite lately six hundred sets of Boccaccio were held up, and an edition of the Arabian Nights shared that fate. That Customs officials should be allowed to judge of literature in this manner is an absurdity, but it is difficult to see how redress is to be obtained. The United States Treasury supports its servants.

THE SYMPATHETIC STRIKE

THE Government has kept its word about amending the Trade Union Bill, and in the last week we have made good progress in clarifying the sense and improving the phrasing of the new measure. The greatest fault of the first draft was the partiality which assumed that combinations of workmen were alone capable of illegal strikes, and deliberately omitted any regulation of the conduct of employers' unions. That has now been removed, and the lock-out is now made illegal under precisely the same conditions and by the same form of words as the strike. The words "intimidation" and "substantial portion of the community" have also gone and in their place we have a new definition of what is meant by coercing the Government. That can be done directly by ceasing work unless the Government does something which it cannot be persuaded to do by the ordinary methods of political agitation. Or it can be done indirectly by putting "hardship on the community." As it is the duty of the Government to protect the country, the sufferings of the country are a measure of coercion against the Government.

This new phrase is probably a little stronger in its prohibition than the old words; but on the other hand it is less ambiguous and less liable to abuse by weak or tyrannical Governments. Days were spent in debate before it became clear under what conditions the sympathetic strike or lock-out was to be made illegal, and the Government cannot be acquitted of blame for fencing too long with this difficulty. The upshot is that there can be no sympathetic strike where the supply of the main necessities of life is affected. A strike of the shoemakers out of sympathy with the intolerable grievances of shirtmakers and button-holers might not be "within the industry" originally affected, but it would not be illegal because it could not be said to "inflict hardship on the community." One could think of other sympathetic strikes that would not be illegal, and therefore the Government is strictly correct in saying that the Bill does not prohibit the sympathetic strike. It does, however, prohibit the only sort of sympathetic strike that the country ever worries about. It is broadly true to say that the Bill will illegalize the combatant activities of the Triple Alliance.

It is as well to be quite straightforward, for it is, after all, quite natural that the State should regard a power so formidable as an intolerable menace to its supreme authority in its own house. It may, it is true, be quite capable of defeating this power when the issue is joined, as it was in the general strike, but there is everything to be said in favour of its doing so by the ordinary processes of law instead of by hurried emergency legislation. Within the issue so defined all that the Bill, in effect, does is to substitute action in accordance with law for executive decrees, and that is a great advantage both in theory and in practice, not only to the State, but also to trade combinations whether of workmen or employers. After all, the railwaymen and transport workers have already given a modified undertaking not to take part in a sympathetic

strike. By the agreement under which they went back to work after the general strike the railwaymen's leaders undertook "not again to instruct their members to strike without previous negotiations with the companies; to give no support of any kind to take any unauthorized action." The promise of the Transport Workers' Union was even more definite in its phrasing. Their leaders engaged "not in future to instruct their members to strike either nationally, sectionally or locally for any reason without exhausting the conciliation machinery of the National Agreement."

These promises clearly cover a sympathetic strike with the grievances of another union, as well as a strike to protect their own rights. It follows that there can be no sudden surprise attack on the community, like that of last year, except by a dishonourable repudiation of binding promises. But it follows, too, that if due notice is to be given there will be ample time to get a clear ruling of the High Courts on the law, that the amendment of Sir Ellis Hume Williams, debated this week, against any prosecution before the law has been declared, becomes as unnecessary as it would clearly be unworkable, and that the grievance alleged by Sir Henry Slessor that the unions will be paralysed in their action because they will be uncertain of the law is in fact fictitious. Nor is it beside the mark to remember that whatever chance of success a general strike has would depend on sudden shock tactics out of which two big unions have solemnly contracted themselves.

What, then, is left as the difference between the provisions of the Bill on this matter and the Labour opposition? Only the barren and abstract right to strike sympathetically and inflict hardship on the community without violating the law. That is not an issue on which they can go to the country without the certainty of defeat.

If it be said that where the unions have a grievance they must have a remedy within or without the law, that is just, and we agree with Mr. O'Connor, Major Glyn, and other Conservatives, that the Bill ought to do something more than oppose a blank wall of illegality where there is a real grievance. The right to rebel is, in the last resort, inalienable: we must be honest with ourselves and not shy at the word rebellion. But in denying one form of redress because it inflicts hardship on the community, we ought certainly to set up other and alternative methods of redress. We hold that the analogy between the peaceful settlement of international and of industrial disputes is perfect, and that it is monstrous for any sectional interest to claim a greater degree of sovereignty within the State to which it belongs than independent States do in their relations with each other. Under the Covenant of the League of Nations, sovereign international States have contracted out of their right to defend themselves by war except under certain conditions. Under this Bill, certain forms of what unionists regard as self-defence will become illegal, that is to say, acts of quasi-rebellion, if they are persisted in. Is it beneath the dignity of trade unions who own allegiance to one State to do what sovereign international States have agreed to do out of loyalty to the comparatively frigid ideal of the Comity of

Nations? To ask such a question is to answer it. Let the Bill therefore make it easy to answer it in the right way, by definitely setting up some form of words which shall prescribe it as a duty to exhaust all forms of conciliation before any resort to force. The loss of power would be merely theoretical, like the infringement of sovereignty that nations suffer by setting their hands to covenants for the peaceful settlement of international disputes. That is cheerfully accepted by sovereign nations for their own good. Let unions, who owe legal as well as ideal loyalty to the State, accept it for the same reason.

The Bill therefore so far amounts to this. Any union so long as it acts alone may strike for any object. The coal miners under the Bill could strike for the nationalization of the coal mines if they wished without committing a breach of the law, for though this would be a coercion of the Government, it would still be within the trade or industry, and both conditions, not one condition only, must be satisfied to make an illegal strike. Combinations of unions, again, may strike in sympathy with the grievance of one of them so long as there is no hardship to the community. But all sympathetic strikes in essential industries are illegal, because they must necessarily inflict hardship. If we add to the Bill a clause indicating other and alternative methods of obtaining justice by methods of conciliation, we shall have a Bill which Labour could not oppose without the certainty of a great set-back in the country. For our part, if that were in the Bill, we are indifferent to anything else in it, and indeed would rather jettison it than keep it, for it would merely complicate a perfectly plain issue without adding to the safeguards of freedom or justice. On the intimidation clause we could keep the section that is declaratory of existing law and drop the rest. The levy clause would give us another front to defend, and dangerously expose our flank to the charge of serving a mere party advantage, and we hope that there will be a Conservative attack on it strong enough to secure its withdrawal. The principle is absolutely sound, but politics are necessarily an amalgam of principles and tactics. And it is a first rule of tactics never to press a principle when it will serve merely to increase opposition without making any other practical difference.

ARCOS

WE write before the result is known of the Home Secretary's statement in the House of Commons regarding the police raid on the offices of Arcos Limited and the Russian Trade Delegation. In these circumstances anything that we now write must stand subject to subsequent revision. It may be, indeed we hope it will be, that by the time these words are read the Home Secretary will have proved to the satisfaction of all except that strange minority who are naturally and normally on the side of Moscow against their own country, that the raid was amply justified by the results obtained from it. In that case there will be no more to be said. One thing, at all events, is plain, and that is

that extremists on both sides are delighted by the raid. Those on the Right welcome it because they hope—not without reason—that it will bring nearer the day of complete rupture between Great Britain and Russia; those on the Left because it will help their task of mischief-making. Whatever else the raid has done it has played into the hands of the Communist Party in this country, who thrive on notoriety, whose only hope of success, so meagre are they in numbers and influence, and so poverty stricken in argument, is to win converts through the mistakes of their adversaries. This handful of "Reds" is elated at the latest turn events have taken. This is in itself a criticism of the raid which stands whatever results it has otherwise achieved. It may be that what was brought to light by the police investigation was of a seriousness to outweigh all other considerations. When these lines are in print Sir William Joynson-Hicks should have satisfied the country's curiosity. There are several points in regard to which elucidation was required.

i. On whose authority was the raid made? On Friday of last week, when the Home Secretary was asked whether the search warrant was applied for "after Cabinet consultation or consultation with the Foreign Office" he replied that this was a matter in which "the responsibility rests on the Secretary of State. It is an ordinary police matter." The implication was clear. On Monday, however, the Home Secretary announced that before authorizing the raid he "consulted with the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary." The country will be glad to know which of these statements is correct. Plainly the position was one of a seriousness to deserve, to demand, Cabinet authorization. In one way the raid more closely concerned the Foreign Office than the Home Office. If Sir Austen Chamberlain consented to the raid, is this an indication that he has reversed, or given up as a bad job, his policy of improving relations with Russia? He has shown himself in the past commendably determined against the intrigues of those who imagine there is something to be gained by breaking off all relations with Russia. It is very much to be hoped that the Government do not intend to abandon this line of action.

ii. The raid was undertaken with the object of discovering a lost State document, which—on information laid by the War Office—was stated to be known to be in the possession of Arcos Limited. That document was not found. It is of interest to hear what this document was, and what precise grounds the Home Secretary had for believing it to be in the possession of the Russians in Moorgate. "I am satisfied," said Sir William Joynson-Hicks in the House on Monday, "that this document is, or was, in the Arcos Building. I was satisfied of that before I gave authority for application for a warrant." It is also of importance to learn what, in the absence of the missing document, the police actually laid hands on. On the nature and extent of their discoveries depends the justification for the raid.

iii. Next on the list comes the question of our Treaty obligations. The Russian Note accuses this country of breaking the Trade Agreement of

1921 regarding the "diplomatic immunity" of her agents. Clause 5 of that Agreement provides that "official agents" shall be free to communicate "by post, by telegraph and wireless telegraphy in cipher"; also that they shall be free to receive their correspondence in sealed bags, "which shall be exempt from examination." It is alleged that the police carried away both the cipher employed by Arcos Limited and a sealed bag containing correspondence. Clause 5 of the Trade Agreement also provides that "official agents shall personally enjoy . . . immunity from arrest and search." This presumably applies not merely to the persons but to the private office and equipment of such agents. In the House of Commons last Monday Commander Locker-Lampson, speaking for the Foreign Office, declared that Mr. Khinchuk, chief of the Trade Delegation, does not enjoy diplomatic immunity; but on July 1 last year he declared that there was no substantial difference between the immunities enjoyed by the Head of the Trade Delegation and by commercial counsellors attached to the Embassies of the Powers. The point that matters is this: that if we do not ourselves strictly observe the terms of our Agreement with Russia, we hopelessly weaken our own case when we protest against her violations of it. The Trade Agreement must be observed on both sides if it is to have any validity.

In nothing we have said shall we be suspected of bias in favour of the Russians. We leave the defence of their aims and methods to such as may admire them. Our arguments against the raid on Arcos—and, we repeat, they may by the time these words are read be refuted—are based on very different grounds: first, that the raid will tend to advertise and thus encourage the very element it is designed to injure; second, that it can only harm and hamper the development of trade between ourselves and Russia, and still further embarrass relations between the two countries. It imperils the arrangement of large-scale credits between Russia and English banks, at this moment virtually completed; orders which were coming to England may now go elsewhere. It is not a question of sentiment, but of hard business facts. This country cannot afford to turn away trade, and the trade between it and Russia is not negligible.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

THE campaign against the Trade Disputes Bill—well advertised, widespread, carefully contrived—has proved a failure. Evidence of its ill-success is coming in from every corner of the country, and conclusive proof is afforded by the course of proceedings inside the House of Commons. Labour Members cannot be surprised that they have failed in rousing a feeling of resentment throughout the country when it is obvious to the most casual observer that they have failed equally to rouse such an emotion in their own breasts. Dire were the threats of disorder, dark the hints of unprecedented scenes, but the Committee stages of this loudly condemned measure have passed off in an atmosphere of almost untroubled good humour.

The gross discourtesy with which the Government spokesmen were greeted during the second reading has been abandoned, and unprejudiced witnesses would agree that its abandonment has not been the result of a deliberate change of policy, but rather the effect of a growing conviction in the minds of the Opposition that they were offending their own as well as other people's sense of decency by pretending that the Bill was so iniquitous as to justify methods of concerted hooliganism. It is one thing to denounce a measure as a cold-blooded crime against humanity, but it is another thing to go on acting day after day and night after night as though you believed in the truth of your own denunciation. The difficulty of the latter line of conduct is increased when it becomes plain that you have failed to convince the majority of your own supporters. The backbone of the opposition to the Trade Disputes Bill is broken, and when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald returns from America next week he will find his party in greater need of a rest-cure than he is reported to be himself.

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Meanwhile the tactics that the Labour Party have adopted, applied as they have been in that spirit of good nature which is so profound an element in English character, save when it is deeply moved, have provided the student of comedy with many incidents that have gone far to compensate for tedious arguments and late hours. On the first day of the Committee stage Labour Members conceived the bright idea that they might profitably delay proceedings by walking very slowly through the lobby in the recording of their votes. Conservative members were therefore regaled by the spectacle—after they had themselves voted—of their political opponents of all shapes and sizes attempting with serious faces to walk through the Lobby somewhat after the manner, but without the training, of a battalion of Guardsmen performing a slow march. This silly exhibition was given up on the following day.

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If there is any ill-feeling in the air, if there is any deep-seated and genuine resentment, an all-night sitting is apt to produce explosions. Tempers which have been controlled all day run wild at night, and the early hours of the morning are known to be the period when human nature is at its weakest and most fallible. The second day of this debate lasted until near four o'clock in the morning, yet the only scenes that were witnessed were scenes of comedy, which sometimes risked declining into farce. Mr. Jack Jones was the hero of the evening. Mr. Jones, who had been very angry on the day of the introduction of the Bill, was all smiles that night. He amused the Committee and he amused the Chairman, who accorded him greater latitude than has probably ever been enjoyed by a private member. The House of Commons, like all other societies of human beings, confers privileges upon its favourites. Nor is outstanding merit the only or the surest way to win its heart. Among those favourites Mr. Jones has his allotted place. Much is forgiven him.

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On this same evening a Tory member who had the temerity to reproach Sir Henry Slesser with having misrepresented the Bill, and having said much in attacking it that as a lawyer he would afterwards regret, was sternly reproved by Mr. Thomas for a breach of manners and a lack of taste. That the Labour Party, after their behaviour on the Second Reading, should begin to dictate manners, and that

Mr. Thomas should pose as the *arbiter elegantiarum* in the new dispensation of refinement, provided a source of amusement even to those who were unable to appreciate the humour of Mr. Jack Jones appearing in a top hat that did not belong to him.

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After two days, one lasting until four in the morning, had been spent in debating the first seven words of the Bill, the necessity of introducing the guillotine was undeniable. But once again the Opposition were betrayed into a tactical blunder. They might have spent many hours in disputing the need for the guillotine and in denouncing the Bill—but they preferred a half-holiday. After a feebly-worded protest by Mr. Clynes, they marched solemnly out of the Chamber, in the wake of their diminutive leader, and amid the happy laughter of their opponents, who were grateful for an unexpected and undemanded relief from toil. To stalk out of the room in silent indignation often provides a dignified close to a quarrel, but let the inexperienced amateur be wary of adopting it until he has asked himself whether it may be necessary for him shortly afterwards to return to the scene of the encounter. It is easy to walk away with dignity, but very difficult to retain that dignity when coming back, and very undignified was the appearance of His Majesty's Opposition when forced at the bidding of the T.U.C. to return on the following day to the debate with which they had scorned to be associated twenty-four hours before.

FIRST CITIZEN

A LETTER FROM BERLIN

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Berlin, May 16

THE spring exhibition of the Prussian Academy of Arts provides, as usual, subject for caustic, often harsh criticism, but it compels attention. In his speech at the opening ceremony Professor Max Liebermann, the President, emphasized the determination of the Academy to maintain its independence. He added that the fundamental principle which he proclaimed seven years ago is still active, namely, that "we must open the doors of our Academy as widely as possible, so as to let light and air into it; we must introduce fresh blood, for only a living institution has the right to endure." The admission of so many "debutants" is severely censured by some of the leading art critics, on the grounds that experience shows that recognized talent rarely develops into real art. The Academy, however, is resolved to do its part that talent shall not be condemned to obscurity simply to gratify prejudices or for lack of official encouragement, leaving to the individual artist the responsibility of proving that this attitude towards his work is justified.

Among the admittedly prominent painters Professor Max Liebermann is represented by a portrait which shows that his capabilities are still unimpaired. Hans Baluschek, who has attained fame by painting the industrial worker and his achievements, has three pictures in the Exhibition, which are eminently faithful reproductions of pathetic phases in the workers' lives. The pictures whose eminence may be disputed include a scene in a football match, the artist's intention obviously being to show that football is a means for giving play to men's savage instincts. As the week-end idea is fashionable in Berlin just now, it is not surprising that an artist has taken it for a subject. Herr Wollheim exhibits, 'The Goddess of the Week-end'—a common-place female, showing an abundance of nudity.

There is really excellent sculpture, as was the case in the preceding exhibition. Professor Klimsch and Professor Kraus show good work, as usual, the latter having a striking bronze bust of Max Liebermann, and Professor Bednorz, of Breslau, has a bronze bust of Mussolini that has attracted much attention. The view promulgated by the Academy of Art that incipient talent should be stimulated and fostered is being taken up outside official circles. In the Nierendorf Art Gallery, for example, there is an interesting collection of paintings by Adolf Dietrich, who was brought up as a feller of trees, and still works at his trade. Dietrich has passed his life on the Swiss side of the Lake of Constance. He was discovered, and introduced to the German public by members of the Carlsruhe and Mannheim Art Schools, and he is the subject of more than one monograph. He never had a lesson in painting, and is absolutely untrained, and yet he paints, as if by instinct, pictures whose conception and execution astonish expert critics.

One of the consequences of the war and of the subsequent deflation of the German currency is that many of the aristocracy and the formerly wealthy middle-class families are compelled to sell their artistic treasures to provide the means of subsistence. Much excitement was aroused by the sale by Herr Boerner, in Leipzig, in the first week of this month, of some 15,000 engravings and prints. It was a source of great satisfaction to the Germans that the occasion was considered in foreign countries to be so important that Mr. Campbell Dodgson, Keeper of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, and the Keeper of Prints in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, were present in person at the sale. This is the first public appearance of those two eminent experts in a German auction room since the war.

The gem of the collection was a first impression of Albrecht Dürer's copper-plate engraving, 'Adam and Eve.' The Munich Art Cabinet struggled to secure it, but had to retire before the prowess of Mr. Wunderlich, of New York, and the 42,000 marks that were realized is the highest price ever paid for a Dürer engraving. The next highest price, namely, 36,500 marks, was paid by a dealer from Lucerne for a Rembrandt engraving, 'Landscape with three Sheds.' Rembrandt's, 'Jan Sutura the Elder,' fetched 34,500 marks, and his 'Landscape with three Trees,' 28,000 marks. The thirty Rembrandt engravings realized altogether the extremely high sum of 200,000 marks. The Germans were very anxious to retain Lucas Cranach's engravings, 'Christ on the Mount of Olives' and 'The Crucifixion,' which were discovered by the auctioneer himself in an old German country seat. The former is a unique copy, and the representatives of German and foreign engraving Cabinets bid to the limit of their resources. Geheimrath Friedländer, Keeper of the Berlin collection, risked 26,500 marks, but he was outdone by an English bid of 27,000 marks, beyond which nobody ventured. Of the 'Crucifixion,' there is a copy in the Berlin Engravings Cabinet, so the one offered by Herr Boerner realized only 20,000 marks. Munich fought hard for it, but again England prevailed. It was believed in Leipzig that the two engravings, whose loss the Germans so greatly deplore, were purchased for the British Museum.

There is real excitement in the Berlin theatrical world, an excitement the efficacy of which is so obvious that it has spread to all the theatrical centres in the Reich. Berlin possesses a most praiseworthy institution, known as the "Volks-Bühne." This is a community of theatre-goers, actors, stage-managers, and all concerned with the production of plays and operas. The theatre-goers belong to the plebeian classes, men and women, mainly young men and women, who love the drama and music, but cannot pay the prices charged at the ordinary theatres and

opera-houses. They clubbed together, therefore, paid a certain small contribution to a common fund, the administration of which they entrusted to a committee chosen by themselves. The committee now rents a theatre for one night, and gives a drama or an opera. The actors and actresses are generally good, for it is encouraging to play or sing to an appreciative audience, and there is always a full house. Both classical and modern plays are given, and classical and light operas. There are some 120,000 of these subscribing theatre-goers, and they take their turn. So that there shall be no jealousy, the tickets for every seat in the house are shaken up in a large receptacle, and one is drawn out as the name of one of the members whose turn it is to witness the performance is called. Each subscriber, therefore, has an equal chance to a seat in a box, or in the gallery.

The system worked splendidly, until Herr Erwin Piscator, the young, talented, and successful stage-manager of the "Volks-Bühne," produced Ehm Welk's 'Gewitter über Gottland' a few weeks ago. Uproar ensued, but in political more than in dramatic circles, for Piscator was accused of using his stage to pervert the minds of the proletariat. The play deals with an uprising by the people of Gothland against the Hansa Bund in the year 1400, but Piscator, according to the politicians, turned and twisted it until it became virtually a Communist manifesto. The Nationalist Press made a loud outcry, arguing that the "Volks-Bühne" must be neutral, and that talented though Piscator undoubtedly was, he had no right to use his influential position in the interests of Bolshevik propaganda. All the artists attached to and connected with the "Volks-Bühne" stood by Piscator, a great public meeting was held so that each side might defend its attitude, and the main feature of this was that Herr Jessner, the Intendant of the State Theatre in Berlin, upheld Piscator from every standpoint. It is evidence of the popularity of the "Volks-Bühne" that its fusion with the State theatres has for some time past been under discussion. Herr Jessner, at the meeting just referred to, declared categorically that the fact that Piscator occupies the position of producer for the "Volks-Bühne" would in no sense be a hindrance to such a fusion.

The latest development is that a group of persons interested in the matter have decided to build a new theatre, and to place the direction of it in the hands of Herr Piscator. The latter will be enthusiastically supported by the younger dramatists and artistes, and it remains to be seen if the other school is right in fearing the "Bolshevik" influence on the proletariat of Herr Piscator's views.

Herr Wolfgang Goetz, the author of 'Gneisenau,' which has had such a long run in Berlin and other German theatres, has just completed another historical drama. This is entitled 'Robert Emmet,' and illustrates the life of that popular hero of the Irish in their rebellion against the English in the time of Napoleon.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

The increased and increasing demand for the SATURDAY REVIEW has of late sometimes resulted in disappointment to intending purchasers. While every effort is made to prevent supplies from becoming exhausted, with steadily rising sales it is not always possible to guarantee an adequate supply to meet the demand everywhere in any one week. It would greatly assist the Publishers if members of the public would place a definite order for the paper to be regularly supplied to them either by their newsagent or from this office. The Subscription Rate to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free, to any address in the world.

MOUNTAINS MOVE

By ROSEMARY BLACKADDER

WHEN mountains move I often suspect that some giant faith has set them going, some clear and fixed belief. Earthquakes, Tornadoes, Typhoons, Whirlwinds. All the force and life, the magic, that is in the earth and the air and the water, are these things never provoked by someone touching, perhaps by chance, a hidden spring of movement? The sort of touch that starts a roulette wheel or a carousel. Strike a match, and the dynamite throws your house into the air. Cry out, and the avalanche breaks free and swallows up your valley. Blow a trumpet and Jericho will crash about your ears. The elements, the Apocrypha assures us, are "changed by a kind of harmony." And so, harmoniously and slowly, they are changing all the time. Resolve these harmonies into discord, speed up the tempo to prestissimo, and you work a miracle. But there is no formula, no recipe. Orpheus must have known something about it, since the mountain tops bowed themselves to his lute; and Moses, who dried up the waters and got springs to gush out of hard rocks; and Joshua, for he made the sun stand still; and King Arthur, who pulled a bright sword out of a stone.

So when, a few days ago, the newspapers announced that, after an earthquake, a new island had turned up in the Caspian Sea, I wondered if it was quite automatic. Did someone *make* these iron-heavy rocks, that earth, these stones come up to the surface of the water? Perhaps on a quiet sunny evening a man walked desolately along the shore. The newspaper gave me no clue as to where it might have happened; let us suppose it was by the mouth of the Atrak (or the Volga, or the Ural, or the Kur). Suddenly he draws his hand out of his pocket and throws a pumpkin seed into the sea. "Let it be turned into an island!" he cries with all his will and all his force, and stands rigid, looking anxiously out to the horizon. Immediately the sky grows dark, a great wind gets up. Lightning flashes from the clouds, the earth trembles and cracks. A great roaring of many voices fills his ears—the waves crashing on the shore and pulling back again into the middle of the sea; the wind screaming in the grass and in the trees; the branches of the trees beating together, and the giant pines uprooted and falling here and there like ninepins. The air rushes madly about him and lets drive at him from every side. But the man, I hope, stands his ground, and when the storm has cleared away, there is his island, new and wet with the rain, shining in the dark sea.

Could it not have happened like this? Of course no one will ever know. The man will naturally keep quiet about it. No one would be such a fool as to say "Look here, I threw a pumpkin seed into the sea and it has turned into an island because I hoped it would." His closest friends would look at him askance. Even if someone believed him it might only bring him into trouble with the authorities. The Commission for Clearance of the Caspian, for instance, or the Directors of the Dredging Dervishes, Ltd., might take offence and say "How dare you throw seeds into our sea and clutter it up with islands?" The fine would probably be very heavy. The League of Nations might even take the matter up. "This man," it would declare, "is a menace to Europe. It is possible that by throwing pumpkin seeds about he may destroy the Universal Peace that we so painstakingly provide. He might create islands and peninsulas along the Adriatic coast and give them to Yugoslavia, who has really no business to have anything of its own at all. He might join up Gibraltar and Tangier so that Britain could no longer police the traffic of Europe. He might

throw the Caucasus into the North Sea and hitch them on to Germany."

But when the man rowed out to inspect his island, was it all as he had wanted it to be? Did it come up bare and rocky and jagged, clothed only with strange sea-marvels, slimy and luridly coloured? Crusts of rough barnacles and prickly corals, monstrous fishes, gaping to death in the sun, sea-weeds, emerald, scarlet and ultramarine. All lovely things that live in the weight and changing gloom of deep water, and fade and die and rot in the cruder air. Or did it appear ready furnished, complete with every detail that he had in his mind's eye? A harbour, for instance, filled with sailing boats; tall cedars for shade, and the scent of lemon flowers and juniper; rocks convenient to dive from, a stretch of white sand where one could lie in the sun, a horse or two, swift and beautiful as sea-horses should be; a house on the top of a mountain, filled with strange books and pictures, its windows wide open to the day, and on the roof a telescope through which at night one could watch the passing stars. And then an orchestra. The isle would be full of noises, sounds and sweet airs.

Could such earthly paradise grow out of a pumpkin seed? After all, transformations and transmutations just as marvellous are going on all around and every day. A potato, for example, bald and shapeless and dull. Put it in the earth and in due season up shoots a green and living plant. How straight it grows, how charming is its flower, delicately mauve and white, spreading a mild, sophisticated scent among the rough, green leaves. The magic of the island was, of course, more spectacular—in with the seed and out with the island—that is to say, it belonged to the genre of rabbits out of hats. Only quick-changes impress us; the potato method is so usual that it has become dull. Smooth, shiny eggs into large, angular ostriches, small boys enchanting and wicked into hideous and respectable old men—these are really just as amazing, just as spectacular as "any gentleman's watch" into a rabbit, a beautiful lady in tights out of an empty box, an island out of water. Only they have lost, if they ever had any, all savour of the miraculous. A genuine miracle must be "hustled." Had the island, instead of springing up in an hour, taken its time to form and grow, the newspapers would never have let us know anything about it.

The best of this Miracle Island would be the suggestion of impermanency, spice of all joy, that would certainly hang about it. There would always be a fear that it might founder again, go three times round like the merry, merry ship. You cannot be too sure of anything that grows out of the water, a vague and unstable stuff at best. Remember Undine. Remember Atlantis. The magic that held it up might break. Splish! Down it would go, peacocks and juniper trees and all, down to where it came from. Sulky eels would curl round the telescope, and flat fishes fin their way through the windows of the beautiful house, casting a curious, glazed eye upon the paintings and frescoes. Damp sponges would nestle in the fireplaces where birch and pine had burned a bright flame. Scarlet sea-anemones would fasten on to the chairs, jellyfish grab with their chilly tentacles among the silks that hung the bedsteads. The shifting tides and currents would wash lugubrious, watery noises out of all the musical instruments, crabs would pluck at the strings, and lobsters gnaw the delicate stops. And, like the Fisherman's Wife, the Miracle Worker, the owner of all these lost delights, would find himself alone by the mouth of the Atrak (or the Volga or the Ural or the Kur), bereft even of his pumpkin seed.

And the world would say (for it always has something to say in this matter of Consequences), "Serve him right. Meddling with things he had no business to meddle with." There you have it. Orpheus and Joshua and Moses and Good King Arthur—didn't they all come to a bad end?

THE CAT IN THE BUS

BY VERNON RENDALL

MY friend is long past the age of adventure and does not seek it, but queer things are constantly happening to him. He has encounters which sound like the beginning of a detective story, picks up odd characters who never appear to the average man, argues with a man who is sure that Lord Kelvin wrote the Alice stories, or throws on the pavement another who stops him and derides his nose with "Oh, what a snout!" He sits in a bus which suddenly bursts into flame, or falls into a grating and is saved by the hat of a Japanese gentleman ascending from a mysterious set of steps below. One would not trust the common teller of these odd things, but my friend is a singularly accurate person with a strong memory, not given to wild imaginings; so he is generally believed.

He adores cats, and they please him by the complaisance they show in choosing him for their favours. Once in the dark at the Lyric Theatre, Hammer-smith, the stranger seated next to him handed him something, saying in a vexed voice: "Could you kindly get rid of this?" He expected a tea equipage: he received a large cat, whom he fondled and carefully directed to the Refreshment Room. His latest queer thing was a cat again. He argued with me about it.

"Anything happened to you lately?" I said.

"Nothing in particular; only last Saturday a cat . . ."

"Ah, you were always a cat-lover. What did you do?"

"Nothing, as it happened."

"That is not like you. You are generally forced to play a part. What did happen?"

"It was this way. I had spent a country day with my brother. He complained that I had all the luck; the odd things happened to me, not to him. When I got into the home-going bus, I thought that, since I was impaled on an iron fence last summer and had to tear a sock to pieces to get loose, I had seen or suffered nothing which would surprise the ordinary tax-payer. I seated myself in the bus nearest the open door. On the small platform which ends in the stairs to the seats above was a solitary hamper. After a mile, when the ticket-man was away upstairs, the hamper began to move. It wriggled about: then out of it peeped the head of a small tabby cat. Just as well, I thought, for Puss to have more air, if she wants it. The hamper cannot fall out on that side; it is nearly up against a sound railing. Then suddenly Puss wriggled out more of her body and carried the hamper towards the free opening. There was no 'letting I dare not wait upon I would, like the poor cat i' the adage.' She struggled strongly; she got free and leapt in a flash from the bus into a hedge at the side of the road. The nearest ladies of the bus looked on in surprise and did nothing. The owner of the hamper came forward, when the cat was gone, from the other end of the bus, looked, said nothing and went back. He was a dull young man."

"But you," I said, "are so quick; you could have caught the cat before she got free. Why didn't you?"

"I think I could have, but why should I play special Providence?"

"It's your duty to help a fellow-passenger."

"You think so?"

"I do. The young man was probably very distressed by this sudden escape, although he said nothing. What did he do later?"

"In a mile or so he got out, put the empty hamper under his arm without a word, and walked with it back in the direction of the cat."

"So he meant to find her."

"It doesn't follow: he may have been going back from a regular place of stoppage to his normal destination."

"So a cat is wandering forlorn because of your negligence!"

"That's not likely, and this is one of the reasons why I did not interfere."

"Now you're going to be ingenious."

"No: truthful, as I saw it at the time."

"Well, I believe you: explain."

"In the first place, most men have a sporting instinct, rejoicing in a success at long odds, and wishing to help rather than to hinder, quite apart from any consideration of the merits of the case! The public follow with real eagerness the escape of a convict and hope that it will come off, without going into the desirability of his evasion from any point of view. This applies even to a murderer who has a desperate chance of escaping the law. Here was Puss facing long odds, 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,' in fact, grossly hampered. She was clever enough to choose a moment for her effort when the ticket-man was not there, remaining quiet before. After getting her head out, she moved the hamper at once the right way for freedom. She ran the risk of jolting it off the bus and lying in the road with her head out to be run over. The traffic on this road is scandalously swift and unregarding. A car smashed the leg of my brother's dog a few days ago.

"Secondly, she will certainly find her way home again. The whole bus route is not so long as the distance a young cat of mine covered to get home some thirty years since. She was brought to me in a hamper, stayed for a day or two, and then found the way over the ten miles home which she had never seen. So the tale of wandering forlorn is nonsense. Puss is home long since and better treated, I am sure, than she would be under that young man.

"My last point is that he does not deserve a cat at all. Fancy sitting out of sight of his hamper! He should have taken it on his knee and encouraged the cat, if he had any gift of speech at all. He might at least have grunted recognition now and then. If he was gravely distressed, which I doubt, he only got what he deserved. Remember Johnson and his delicate feeling about his cat. When Boswell observed that Hodge was a fine cat, the sage replied, 'Why, yes, Sir, but I have had cats whom I liked better than this,' and then perceiving Hodge to be out of countenance, added, 'But he is a very fine cat, a very fine cat indeed.' That is the right attitude."

"All very well," I said, "but the young man was not necessarily the cat's owner or fellow-lodger. Puss may have been going to some young wife or doting old woman who would adore her."

"More likely, I think, in that class, handed on to keep the mice down. But I will suppose that your sentiment is fact. As Puss is now at home, she can be sent again, if she is really wanted. She will be received with the same effusion by those who need her, and the young man will have learnt to be more respectful to her. They will all know that a cat needs real attention to be persuaded to stay. So I have done no harm by not interfering, and possibly some good."

"There are two more points," he added, "which I did not think of at the time, both unlikely, if anything can be called that! I have known a young cat of tame parentage so wild that she would not, even when starving, eat food in the presence of a human creature. Such savagery is rare, but this cat may have developed it and resolved to live alone, on casual food rather than human comfort. Again, the young man possibly has a strong antipathy for cats. That, and that alone, would excuse him for leaving this young one so carelessly to herself on the bus."

"Pretty theories!" I scoffed, "and anyway a cat has nine lives."

"Philistine!" he retorted. "No proper appreciator of her charm wishes her to risk one of them, when he can prevent it."

FORTUNE TELLING

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

OUR world is so rank with injustice that it is absurd to bother oneself about a trivial example of it, yet I could not help feeling annoyed when I read, the other morning, that a woman had been heavily fined for telling fortunes, or rather, I suppose, for taking money for her services. She pointed out that she had been fortune-telling for years, among her friends or at bazaars and the like, and it was only a lack of means that decided her to ask for a fee of half-a-crown or five shillings. There is, of course, a good deal to be said for the practice of prosecuting people for their lack of means; and no doubt a person who is ready to do anything for half-a-crown or five shillings should be taught a sharp lesson; but it is a mystery to me why professional divination should be a legal offence. I am frequently asked to buy guesses at the past, the sinister trafficking of historians, for seven-and-six or half a guinea, and I see no reason why guesses at the future should not be offered to me for five shillings. If it is prophecy that it is wrong, then why are the works of Mr. Wells and others still openly displayed on the book-stalls? If professional fortune-telling is an offence not because it is prophecy but because it is considered mere hocus-pocus, then why is it set apart from all the other kinds of hocus-pocus, some of which swallow millions of pounds? It cannot be reasonably regarded as a means of obtaining money by false pretences, there being no real deception involved in the practice. When I decide to have five shillings' worth of cartomancy, what I receive for my money depends entirely on my own attitude, and no matter what that is, I have not been swindled. If I believe in cartomancy, I have been given five shillings' worth of prophecy; if I do not believe in it and have gone for a lark, then I have had my entertainment. If certain methods of divination were known to be entirely credible and accurate, if there was an official register of prophets and soothsayers, then it might be reasonable to prosecute those who did not practice such methods or who were not on the register; but as it is, the Law is irrational and unjust.

So far I have been talking like a debater rather than like a human being. The debater lives in a world of black-and-white and so it is permissible for him to say, as I have just done, that either we believe in a thing or we don't. If we could not present these sharp alternatives and extremes, we could not work a good many of our little tricks of argument. But having ceased to debate, I will now draw nearer the truth. The fact is, of course, that most of us neither believe nor disbelieve in fortune-telling but remain suspended in a state of half-belief. If someone said to us: "You don't know what will happen before this year is out. You may die or come into a

fortune or begin a journey round the world" we should murmur "That's so" and remain absolutely unmoved. Very few of us, however, would be left untouched if the same person, preferably a woman with a strange stare and a deep voice, dealt out the cards and began tapping them, peered at the lines on our palms, or gazed at a crystal, and then said: "You will go on a journey very soon, a long way, and you will meet two men, one elderly, the other young and dark, and a fair woman. These people will change your life. Beware of the dark man. You will receive a letter too. There is a death." Most of us would have a queer shivery little feeling, as if the first notes of the Prelude to 'Tristan' were rising from the mysterious deep. We should see great shadows falling on the curtain of the future; and for a few days dark men and fair women would wander in and out of our thoughts.

Most of the fortune-tellers we know—and mine are all amateurs, who are called upon to look at cards or palms as an alternative to paper-and-pencil games after dinner—are sufficiently vague to be gloriously romantic. If they knew more, they would, I fancy, thrill us less. But this talk of dark men and fair women and journeys and letters is of a kind to kindle the imagination. It has all the outward simplicity and the power of evocation that belong to great romantic literature. It turns our immediate future into a colossal adventure, and gives it a quality that we had hardly dared to hope for it. We peer through an enchanting mist and see strange far-away places and have a vague glimpse of beautiful or sinister people, and know all the time that Fate is conjuring in the background. It is the incurable romanticist in us who is caught. The actual details would ruin all. If we were told that we should go to Aberdeen by the 10.30 on the 7th of next December, we should be mildly curious (and possibly a little alarmed) as to the why and wherefore, but there would be nothing of that thrill that comes when we are told that before the year is out we shall go on a long journey. When they lower their voices and say: "You are away from home. I see a strange bed. You are in the company of some people you have not known long, a fair man and two dark women," we cannot help feeling that it will not be long before we suddenly turn a corner and walk into the Arabian Nights. All would be ruined, however, if they knew more and could supply us with dates and names, remarking: "You are away from home. It is the 16th of November. Yes, you are staying at the Midland Hotel, Leeds, and you are spending the evening playing bridge with Major and Mrs. Batterby and Miss Popcorn." Yet that, of course, is what the vague story of a journey and a strange bed and a fair man and two dark women really means. Life is like that, whereas fortune-telling, as most of us know it, describes something better than life.

I cannot understand why dramatists and novelists do not make more use of divination, which offers them a very easy means of capturing, at one stroke, the attention of their audiences and readers. I should like to see a play (there may have been several already for all I know to the contrary) that began with a little fortune-telling. The curtain of the first act would be raised to

d " we remain however, n, pre- a deep tapping gazed to on a ou will ng and le will . You death." y little lude to sterious ing on ys dark out of d mine look at per-and- y vague y more, his talk ys and on. It ower of a litera- a colos- we had through ar-away tiful or at Fate e incur- e actual that we e 7th of us (and where- at thrill he year When re away are in known we can- fore we Arabian if they tes and a home. staying spend- Major et that, ney and o dark whereas describes d novel- , which , at one es and ere may to the -telling- aised to

reveal a dim-lit room, in which one of the characters, preferably a woman, was laying out the cards for another. Nothing would be said for a minute or two; the cards would be laid out in rows, and the finger of the fortune-teller would be heard tapping along them; and then at last she would begin. "You are unhappy," she would say, very quietly. "You feel that your life is empty, finished. But there is a man coming, a dark man from over the sea, who will change everything for you. But you must beware of a fair woman. They will probably come together. You will see them very soon." Then a bell rings. Someone is below. Enter servant with message. Enter a dark man, very tanned—Captain Slapdash, the big game hunter. Five minutes afterwards: Enter a fair woman, Mrs. Clicquot, mad, bad, and ravishing. And that—as we used to say—is the stuff to give 'em. I make a present of the idea to whatever Maugham, Lonsdale or Coward would care to use it. Prose narrative offers more opportunities still for divination, though there is not perhaps the same thrill in merely reading about it. Yet anyone who has read that very unusual novel, an extraordinary mixture of something like balderdash with something like genius, 'Harvest in Poland,' will remember that exciting and rather sinister scene of the fortune-telling by cards in the early part of the story. I wish someone would tell the fortune of the author, Mr. Geoffrey Dennis, and point out to him that it is high time he wrote another novel.

The old historical novelists, of course, had a passion for astrologers. Scott began it, just as he began so many things. Alasco, in 'Kenilworth,' is typical of all these astrologers of fiction. He was, you remember, "much advanced in age, for his beard was long and white, and reached over his black doublet down to his silken girdle. His hair was of the same venerable hue. But his eyebrows were as dark as the keen and piercing black eyes which they shaded, and this peculiarity gave a wild and singular cast to the physiognomy of the old man." And his dialogue is strictly in keeping with his appearance. The profession has declined in public esteem since the days of Elizabeth, and this probably explains why the astrologer I once met was quite unlike Alasco and his brethren. Some years ago I put up for the night at a very small country inn, at which I appeared to be the only guest. At supper-time, however, the landlady asked me if I would mind sharing the table with another guest, who had apparently been staying there some time. I was only too pleased, and in he came, a little clean-shaven man about fifty, with round rosy cheeks, dressed in rather shabby old-fashioned clothes, yet as neat as a mouse. We naturally fell to talking over the dish of ham and eggs, and by the time we had emptied it and were lighting our pipes—I remember that he smoked a funny little cherrywood affair—we were in full spate. It was then that he told me what he was doing there. He was an astrologer. Most of his business came through the post, and he told how, on receipt of postal orders for five or ten shillings, he went and spelt out strange dooms among the stars. Later he took me to his room and showed me a huge cabinet crowded with little pigeon-holes, all of which contained little charts of the sky. He

was very honest, sincere, and industrious, and I liked him so much that I fervently hope no prosecution has ever come his way. It would be odd and rather pathetic if one night while he was busy reading somebody's destiny in the stars, his own had come heavily tramping up the stairs in the shape of a policeman.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.*

IS INDIA SEEKING ATONEMENT FROM ENGLAND?

SIR,—I am sorry I quoted from the fourth edition of Mr. Rice Holmes's book a judgment that he deleted from the fifth. I have the excuse that it is unusual to leave important corrections to a fifth edition, and that his sentence, by repetition during fifteen years, did injustice enough. But, as he points out, I ought to have known that he did ultimately see it was indefensible and deleted it.

He says (in his letter in the SATURDAY REVIEW of April 30) I "owe atonement to those whom" I have "calumniated." Will he give me the name of anyone whom I have "calumniated"? He is surprised that I am dissatisfied with his book. I made it clear that I objected to the sheer caprice of its moral judgments; it seemed to me a toss-up what he would think of an episode. I quoted—in addition to the one that, he says, "Holmes, thinking it unfair," deleted from a fifth edition—two other judgments that most readers would consider very eccentric. But his book came in the way of my argument by accident; and I think now that I ought to have given more weight to the fact that though repeatedly re-issued, it represented the views of half a century ago and when first issued was more liberal than most books.

But the public cannot be interested in a personal quarrel between us. I can only summarize my replies to the quite countless questions that he raises. I still do not understand why Hodson's killing the princes is selected for such singularity of reprobation. I think Hodson was in an uncommonly tight place, and that it is possible to defend his action in the same way that one can defend the killing of prisoners when a counter-attack is close. I went to the extreme limits I could, in finding reasons to justify General Dyer's action, emphasizing both the tense excitement that beat upon him and the real danger of the situation. Even so, I still think that you can justify his action only if you are prepared to maintain that any measures are justifiable to prevent possible revolt. That view has always been held by the people against whom revolt will be; it has never been held by outside opinion. This, I think, is where Mr. Holmes and I—and, to a great extent, his generation and mine—differ, poles asunder.

If you, Sir, are willing, I will meet Mr. Holmes's questions about Amritsar. But does anyone want that matter to be thrashed out again? As for the Mutiny, I still hold that our histories of that desperate and cruel episode are the unworthiest thing in all our historical writing. It came close to us, and the valour of our people was beyond all praise. But it is time we ceased to write Indian history as judges in our own cause. I should have thought it obvious from my 'Note on Mutiny Literature'

that I did not class Mr. Holmes with the many who have written on the subject without consulting its contemporary literature. But, no matter what sources have been "used" by some historians, in the sense that they were aware of them and consulted them, our histories have been, and are, such as no nation but our own would pass as fair. If we seriously wish to consolidate the Empire by conciliating Indian educated opinion, this has got to be changed. Mr. Holmes is to be envied. He has that very unusual thing, the chance of doing something that really makes a difference. He can write of the Mutiny in the 'Cambridge History of India' with restraint and chivalry, not peppering the narrative with exasperating moral judgments. It will be interesting to note the difference between his new and his former account.

He denies that we have written one-sided histories of the Mutiny or from one-sided evidence. His list of native sources is one in which trial and court-martial evidence bulks largely—evidence of men with a rope round their necks. He must know that during seventy years Englishmen have been free to say what they liked about the Mutiny, and no book has been proscribed because it was offensive to our Indian fellow-citizens; but accounts by Indians have been proscribed. Savarkar's book was written from English sources, because he was not a native of the Mutiny area and because he compiled it in London. He could not have compiled it in India. He could not there have got hold of one per cent. of the sources so freely accessible to Mr. Holmes and myself. I refused to read Savarkar till after my book was published; when I did read him I was surprised that Sir Valentine Chirol should have thought his book well written. But Savarkar is not the only Indian who has written a proscribed book on the Mutiny.

To sum up, we are free, Indians are gagged in this matter. They *must* have an appeal against our writers' judgment on episodes in their connexion with us. I regard 'The Other Side of the Medal' as merely necessary sanitary work. Its most generous reception was by the British Press in India; and the leading Mutiny area journals, the *Civil and Military Gazette* (Lahore) and the *Pioneer* (Allahabad) to my amazement said my main contentions were right and expressed gratification that the book had been written at last and by an Englishman. After all, my answer to most of Mr. Holmes's letter is simple. Readers know perfectly well the impression of the Mutiny on which they were brought up; they are well able to judge what kind of account our historians have given.

I am, etc.,
EDWARD THOMPSON

Scar Top,
Boars Hill, Oxford

THE COTTAGE FUND

SIR,—In the admirable article, 'So This is England,' in your issue of May 7, you commend the newly formed Cottage Fund "very heartily to the generosity of all who care for the countryside." As many of your readers might be ready to follow the advice which you so wholeheartedly give them, will you allow me space to mention that the Fund was inaugurated by the Prime Minister at a meeting called by the Royal Society of Arts, last January, and that any contributions should be sent to me here? The Prime Minister's Appeal, with a note by Mr. Thomas Hardy, has been published as an illustrated pamphlet, and I shall be happy to send a copy to anyone who is interested in the subject.

Many of us who have occasion to move about the country are appalled at the devastation which is being wrought in the name of improvement, and we appeal

most earnestly to all with any sense of the beautiful to assist in saving what is left of our old-world cottages.

I am, etc.,
G. K. MENZIES,
Secretary

Royal Society of Arts,
John Street, Adelphi, W.C.2

THE DANGER TO OXFORD

SIR,—It is greatly to be hoped that your remarks on the dangers to the beauty of Oxford may have effect in rousing the public to what is going on there. All who know and love Oxford must view with the greatest concern the effect of the rise and progress of the Morris motor works at Cowley. These works employ about 10,000 persons. The presence of this large industrial element has had, inevitably, a damaging effect on the character of the town. It has meant the growth of a mean and squalid suburb, stretching between Oxford and Cowley, and now, as you point out, the Parks, at present a charming and delightful bit, are threatened. Can nothing be done to prevent this impending devastation? Is Oxford, that "Queen of Romance," unique in its combination of historic association, architectural interest, and natural loveliness, to be indeed delivered to the Philistines, more surely than ever Matthew Arnold dreamt?

All lovers of Oxford will most certainly be grateful to you, Sir, for your efforts to arouse public opinion in its behalf.

I am, etc.,
FRANCIS HUGHESDON

41 Murray Road, Wimbledon

TRANSUBSTANTIATION

SIR,—Mr. Carson Chapman's words, "The Holy Spirit transubstantiates," would seem to verge on the non-sacramentalism of the Society of Friends. "Nevertheless what saith the Scripture?" "As they ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them" (Acts xiii, 2). A command necessitating, and receiving in verse 3, human co-operation. Now Archbishop Cranmer is an important link that binds us to the Apostolic ministry, therefore, to ignore his ordinal is to question Apostolic succession in the Church of England. To my mind, an Anglo-Catholic indifferent to Episcopal ordination is as exceptional as a Scotchman asleep at "a preachin." But the repudiation of Transubstantiation is not peculiar to Cranmer and the Reformers; our Caroline divines, such as Andrewes, Laud and Heylin, to name only a few, bear similar testimony.

As Mr. Carson Chapman questions my statement that valid transubstantiation is incompatible with the doctrine of the Prayer Book of 1552, I will refer him to an Anglo-Catholic text-book. "It was only consistent, therefore, to accommodate the usages of the Church to its new doctrines. The service, consequently, was divested of its sacrificial character, and no longer bore witness, as in early times, to the great event which is transacted at the Altar." (Wilberforce. 'The Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist.' Ed. 1, p. 440.)

I quite agree with Mr. Carson Chapman's sentence: "The priest is not a magician."

I am, etc.,
P. G. CAWLEY

SIR,—In the interest of historical truth, Mr. Richard Niven's statement, in your issue last week to the effect that transubstantiation was made

21 May 1927

dogma of the Western Church at the Fourth Lateran Council, A.D. 1215, calls for correction, for it is nothing but a mythical tale. He has apparently, like so many others, been innocently misled by writers, some, alas! even eminent historians, who ought to have known better than to accept and circulate such a fiction. The true history of that famous but singularly ineffective ecclesiastical Assembly at the Lateran in Rome, as disclosed to us by the original sources of information regarding it, and by writers who have gone to the said sources for its history, shows conclusively that nothing was done by the Council to establish the then new scholastic tenet of transubstantiation as an article of faith. Its origin, as a sectional dogma in the West, dates merely from the Roman Church Council of Trent, 1546-1564. Historical accuracy demands us to ascribe transubstantiation at the Fourth Lateran Council exclusively to its President, Pope Innocent the Third, being merely one of his formal opinions that was read to the Council, but no action taken thereon.

I am, etc.,

JOHN G. HALL

Exeter

SIR,—In your publication of May 14, your correspondent, Mr. Robert Foulkes, says: "The idea that mortal man can make his Creator, and then eat Him, is arrogant blasphemy." There his total ignorance of the doctrine of transubstantiation is displayed. The priest (as I take "mortal man" to mean) does not make his Creator, nor does he claim to do so. The Holy Ghost transubstantiates, which is a very different thing from making God, in that God is merely localized; to assert that God can be made would be ridiculous, as we are told, and repeat, that there was God, "before all worlds." This operation of the Holy Ghost is apart from any action of the priest, whose duty it is, merely to invoke the Holy Ghost upon the elements. To pray that the Holy Ghost may perform an act, and to perform it oneself, are two entirely different things.

To refer to the second half of Mr. Foulkes's sentence, he says that it is arrogant blasphemy to entertain the idea that mortal man may eat his Creator. Why? Christ said, "Do this, in remembrance of Me," having said, "This is My Body," and having given them what He said was His Body to eat. Who is Mr. Robert Foulkes, that he may declare the teaching of our Blessed Lord to be "arrogant blasphemy"?

I am, etc.,

JOHN ERIC COLLEDGE

22 Highthorne Avenue,
Bradford Moor, Bradford

THE PUBLIC-HOUSE

SIR,—Your correspondent, E. P. S., in his interesting letter, suggests that every licensed-holder should be compelled to be a licensed-victualler in the widest sense of the word. Now, while desiring to see a greater number of licensed-houses supplying meals, etc., your correspondent must not overlook the fact that it is largely a question of demand, and that other refreshment-house keepers look with considerable disfavour upon the publican competing with them. There is not sufficient demand to warrant every licensed-victualler supplying meals. It is not a question of being unwilling. The experience of the State houses at Carlisle bears this out. Dr. Shadwell says: "There were at one time twenty-eight of these houses, but the plan proved less successful than was hoped, and seven were given up before long for lack of demand. By 1918 only a few were left to continue the practice."

The general manager reported that the provision of food in the ordinary public-house is not appreciated, and meets little demand. He goes on to say that this experience is of great interest because the usual motive for not supplying food, tea, and coffee (say the temperance reformers) is the desire of the publican, under orders, to push the sale of drink.

I am, etc.,

E. BELL

29 Dalmeny Avenue, Norbury, S.W.16

SIR,—Your recent article, 'The Public-House,' brought back to memory my travels in Northamptonshire, county of spires and squires, a few years ago.

At one of the rural stations I found I had nearly two hours to wait for a train. Across the road I saw a house and a large sign-board bearing the letters "Railway Hotel." It was about 5.30 p.m. in summer or early autumn. I entered the inn. The landlord and a lass were at the bar. I asked for tea. The landlord grinned, and remarked, "We had our tea at three o'clock, boss, and now we ain't got no hot water." So I said, "Never mind tea. Can I have some bread and butter?" Then turning to the lass, he said, "Why, Mary, I don't believe we've got a bit o' butter in the house, have we?" And the maiden answered "No."

The only refreshment this railway hotel offered me was a "drink o' beer," and that I left behind.

I am, etc.,

ALFRED ORST

52 Leyton Road,
Handsworth, Birmingham

THE ARTISTIC PLATITUDE

SIR,—In attempting to answer some of Mr. Anthony Bertram's strictures on my exhibition of pictures, I quite recognize the fact that a critic has a right to say in print what he likes, but I feel in this case that some of his general remarks present such a distorted view of what appears to me to be its facts, that I must enter a protest in the name of myself and other artists who in my opinion do not mistake crudity for strength and distortion and defective perspective for beauty.

Mr. Bertram appears to find it difficult to believe that beauty in nature rarely inspires great art. If Mr. Bertram would condescend to include in "nature" certain sentiments and emotions of humanity as well as things physical, can he tell us of one picture painted before the present orgy of Bolshevism in art by an admittedly great master which has not been inspired by something in nature which has stimulated the perception of the beautiful in the painter?

I think he will find it difficult. It seems to me that Mr. Bertram's statement that "beautiful subjects are worn out" is sheer nonsense. It may be that the generality of painters, for some reason, have lost the power to interpret on canvas beauty physical and beauty psychological, but if such is the case, the fault lies not with the inherent beauty in the subjects and ideas, but in the fact that the painter from lack of ability or insufficient training no longer possesses the power of successful interpretation. If artists are really turning to the dustbin for inspiration, they must have dustbin intellects. The dustbin may be useful, but most people will not spend time poking in it for artistic inspiration.

I am, etc.,

W. LEE-HANKEY

Le Triangle, Le Touquet

THE DOGS' PROTECTION BILL

SIR,—Mrs. Beatrice E. Kidd may invent a special definition of cruelty to suit her statement that there is no such thing as necessary cruelty, but the fact remains that the killing by any means of living beings, which may be presumed to enjoy life, must in itself be cruel, while this in many instances is obviously necessary.

Few will, I think, agree with Mrs. Vera Lea that the Roman Inquisitors had a far higher motive than the alleviation of physical suffering. It may not be easy to arrive at the true motives that actuated these demoniacal fanatics, who were probably chiefly concerned with the entirely selfish motive of saving their own evil souls, but anyway, what can be a higher motive than the advancement of natural knowledge and truth, the pursuit of which is, to most enlightened persons, the noblest of all causes?

I am, etc.,
"AN F.R.S."

REFORM OF THE CALENDAR

SIR,—In your issue of May 7, with reference to my article in the May number of *Cornhill*, occur these words: "Surely he [Col. Legard] ought to recognize that no reform involving a change in the age-long succession of the days of the week has the slightest chance of general adoption."

I quite agree. The reform I advocate, however, does not involve any such change. Perhaps you will kindly correct this mistake on the part of your reviewer.

I am, etc.,
JAMES D. LEGARD

ROAD DESTRUCTION

SIR,—Mr. Worby Beaumont, in a recent issue of the *SATURDAY REVIEW*, suggested that it was an "illusion" conveyed by me in a former issue that "the catastrophic waste long inflicted upon us is due to the reactionary shock from the tremendous energy generated by the mechanically driven wheel." If it ever were an "illusion," it has become an epidemic. Even the railway companies are so infected thereby as to lead the ratepayers of the United Kingdom in revolt against the present ill-treatment of our roads. The Government have also "very wisely" circulated a "Draft Road Bill" for discussion meantime in order to effect remedial action.

Mr. Beaumont asks in what way wheel construction shows that motion cannot be resisted? First, when on a quite level road, by utilizing motion as propulsive power. Secondly, when the wheel is obstructed by road or other irregularities, this misdirected "tremendous energy" results in reactionary road shock with the destructive waste described. Inevitably so, because as scientists unite in proclaiming, "no body of whatever mass has any power to resist motion." In illustration of this cardinal truth, without any consideration of the serious concurrent and cumulative damage thereby to property and vehicles, in the County of Stirling in 1906 the cost alone for road maintenance was £22,828: in 1926 it rose to £279,941—over 1,200 per cent.

In the letter criticized, I deemed it superfluous to indicate to intelligent readers that inexorable universal natural decrees were applicable to wheels. Mr. Beaumont states that I do not "illustrate this untruth." What untruth? Does Mr. Beaumont, by any chance, after his narrated expert experience suggest that motion can be resisted? I trow not!

He inquires: "What was definitely proved years ago?" In *Commercial Motor* of April 13, 1911, edited by Mr. Shrapnell-Smith, there is a technical report (on the "Shock Shifter") which sums up

that "As a road-shock absorbing device it is unquestionable, and this has been 'definitely' proved by the remarkable savings effected in service by the London General Omnibus Company." If there remains an objection with Mr. Beaumont, without trespassing on your space I will gladly illustrate to him how it was silenced in the case of Mr. Shrapnell-Smith. Mr. Beaumont, however, will find much that he asks for in *The Times* of July 21, 1909, in two full columns of its Engineering Supplement, describing those road tests by the L.G.O.C.

After protracted road tests by our prominent experts their evidence was sifted in the High Court of Justice. Lord Justice Sargant, in judgment, there said: "On the evidence before me this invention is really a very striking one because it will enable, particularly on motor-buses, motor-lorries and heavier cars, at any rate, solid rubber tyres to be used in place of pneumatic tyres with obviously a very great result in saving. The advantages advanced by Counsel being (1) to the comfort of the passengers; (2) to the wear of vehicles, and (3) to the wear of the roads. This last advantage, of course, is one to which buyers would not look in the least, but this is the advantage which is very great from the point of view of the community. This side of the subject has appealed to me extremely."

Permit me to express the hope that Mr. Beaumont's extended and respected experience may now be so directed that progressive action, vital to economical road transport and national prosperity, becomes the sequel.

I am, etc.,
JOHN MUIR

3 Arundel Street,
Strand, W.C.2

EMPIRE POSTERS

SIR,—In your kind editorial note on the poster reproductions issued by the Empire Marketing Board, you state that they are "intended for use in schools." May I add that they are also intended for purchase by the general public?

Mr. Macdonald Gill's coloured map, 'Highways of Empire,' with letterpress (60 in. x 40 in.) is offered through the Stationery Office, at 1s. 6d., post free, and the other posters, with pamphlets, at 1s. each.

I am, etc.,
S. G. TALLENTS

Empire Marketing Board,
2 Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, S.W.1

THE PERFECT INN

SIR,—It will be extremely useful to a good many of your readers, I believe, on week-end and other outings from London if you would kindly open your correspondence columns to an enumeration of good inns within, say, thirty or forty miles of London.

I am no motorist, and I have repeatedly found, on walks within something like that distance from town, great difficulty in securing good meals at inns. The motorist, finding himself in an unlikely village, can hasten on; the pedestrian knows that if he does not take what is offered him when it is offered, he will be too late to get any sort of meal at the remoter and more promising destination.

Let me give you, very briefly, two experiences. A small but not isolated village in Kent: a beer-house, nothing except bread and cheese to eat, nothing except beer and "minerals" to drink. A small town in Surrey: ample facilities for drink under decent or fair conditions, but the only two inns at which good food was available were not, in regard to food, English inns at all; they were quite expensive imitations of minor London hotels.

There must be places, and indeed I know of a few myself, where a visitor is assured of good

refreshment in an atmosphere such as an English inn should have. By naming these establishments your readers would help both such pedestrians as myself and the inns in question.

I am, etc.

W.2

J. W. BLAKE

P's AND Q's

SIR,—Can any of your readers tell me the meaning and origin of the phrase, "Hell for Leather"? Also where "Pouring oil on troubled waters" is first mentioned?

A. RAMSDEN WOOD

"GOD BLESS YOU"

SIR,—In case no one answered the inquiry of one of your correspondents as to how this began (I have been out of town and have missed the last two or three SATURDAYS), I have always understood it was at the time of the Great Plague, when, as in our present-day influenza epidemics, the disease first showed itself by sneezing. In those highly septic days dismayed friends used to say, "Oh, God bless you. God help you," before they hastily took to flight. One sometimes meets the same thing in A.D. 1927!

H. M. ROGERS

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH

SIR,—Born July 5, 1818, at Dunmow, Essex, where his father was a surgeon. His mother's maiden name was Lydia Daniel, and Thomas (whose father died when he was two years of age) was the tenth of eleven sons. His works are:

1. 'The Rivulet,' a contribution to sacred song.
2. 'Sermons for my Curates,' ed. by the Rev. S. Cox.
3. 'Letters to the Scattered.'

A memoir, edited by William White, and the works mentioned above were published by W. Isbister and Co., 56 Ludgate Hill. Date of memoir, 1874.

M. PORRITT

MAN AND FAGGOT

BY RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

AS I came through the valley at sundown, watching the winter light that made the long hill black, Something I saw that I shall always remember—A man on the hill with a faggot across his back. He was a mile away, I could see no features, Nor even if he were stooping old, or spry, Only I saw the sharp silhouette of his figure With his long black faggot, immense against the sky. A man, a faggot, at evening—and the world returned To be suddenly creeping with witches, old women in woods, Voices were speaking of spells, there were hobgoblins, And old men's faces hidden in shadowy hoods. Shapes, as sounds, must die. In what new evening Of the grim years coming in city and vaulted street, Will I see again this immemorial shadow, In which my hurried days, and the dead days meet? Will I see again this thing that my sires saw nightly, Seeing, believe; and believing sing praise that still I see, at evening, a man with a faggot passing, As he passed my fathers, at evening, over the hill?

THE THEATRE THE HELPING HAND

BY IVOR BROWN

The Mask. Second Quarter. 1927.

IN his book 'The Right Place' Mr. C. E. Montague has written (with what grace and wit, I need hardly say) of the "whole-hog aromatists":

Released from the cares of this world they have given themselves, as whole-time devotees, to the snuffing up of the immemorial odours of charming places, their distinctive essence and characteristic appeal. . . . Italy was the place; to various degrees of density the whole peninsula was speckled with highly civilized aliens who had contrived to convert our intractable life into one elegant and expensive holiday. We others, plain working-folk taking a month's rest from our labours, would find them in permanent occupation of Florence, Bologna, Perugia, Assisi, a little faint at times with sheer excess of masterpieces, but still pursuing.

When, amid the heat and bustle of theatrical nights, I turn aside to read the *Mask*, these grand masters of aromatism come always to my mind. I see the uncomfortably printed pages being dutifully fingered by Henry Jamesian Americans of the highest cultivation. The aroma rises and they sniff. "So this is Drama." Sniff, sniff, sniff. The Art of the Theatre delivers its essence to their sensitive nostrils and they go for a little walk by the Arno, delightfully conscious of refreshment received and of service rendered to the Muse.

Yes, the *Mask* is rich in effluence. It yields scents and visions. I see Mr. Gordon Craig and his colleagues nerving themselves for the tremendous effort of going to press once in three months and I reflect how blessed is the lot of quarterly reviewers who can live beside Fiesole and are under no compulsion to hurry to theatres and then to hurry away and write about them. It is so much easier to be wise about the drama when you do not have to attend it, but can sit and draw little pictures in the sun or the shade according to the season of the year. None the less, fortified as they are with all their aromatic advantages, the Maskers do not always keep their temper. To doubt the infallibility of Mr. Gordon Craig is to make them angry and even waspish. In the current number there is an Editorial Note which announces that "Mr. St. John Ervine has never ceased speaking ill of Mr. Craig's work; Mr. Agate too, Mr. Ivor Brown follows suit, and so on. A paltry business . . . nothing more discreditable in the annals of the stage . . . particularly nasty attacks . . . contemptible." All this because Mr. Ervine said that Mr. Craig "is responsible through his disciples for much that is dreadful" in scenic design. "These London Dramatic Critics are a farce," we learn. And then they receive their warning. "We have said that, if he wishes, Mr. Craig can give his followers the cue HOW to produce a drama without author or actors." With this flourish of the cane we are left to tremble. But in another place there is one more whack. Mr. Ervine is spared this punishment. But Brown and Agate are wasting their time. "Confusing everyone . . . helping not at all."

Being helpful, if I may use the somewhat Boy Scoutish phrase, is a matter of interest, a matter for inquiry. If we are concerned with the English theatre, enjoy its best and would like to see it better, if we are eager to assist the people who without proper funds or buildings or support are trying to keep the drama quick and fresh amid all its powerful rivals in the wealthy industry of entertainment, if we sympathize with hard-pressed folk who are writing, acting, and producing plays instead of sniffing Italianate antiquities, what sort of help and counsel do we derive from the *Mask*? Mr. Craig continues to inform us about the *Commedia dell'Arte* and the actors who

improvised instead of reciting stuff written by people like G. B. S. There is a text for a *Mask* written about Shakespeare by Giovanni Casati and produced at Genoa in 1855. There are five pages of scenic directions by Giulio Troili da Spinlamberto, usually known as Paradosso (1613-1685). There is a design for a theatre (sixteenth century) by Giorgio Vasari il Giovane. There is a snippet from the journal of the brothers de Goncourt and another from a letter of Goethe. There are some notes on Old Florentine Theatres and a gigantic map of Florence in 1783. There are also plentiful book-reviews and odd notes. This, no doubt, is paradisaal for the aromatisers. They can sniff Renaissance perfumes here, there, and everywhere. But helpful? Well, is it? I, for my part, did not raise this question of helpfulness. Why shouldn't the amateurs of scents and flavours have their paradisaal corner in the *Mask*? Should the *Mask* continue its quarterly ministrations for the dilettanti, I certainly would not complain. But I certainly protest against being called "unhelpful" by our Florentine exquisites of the sniffing cult.

"Confusing everyone." That, also, is a charming accusation to find in a periodical connected with Mr. Craig. I have just been re-reading a book of pronouncements by Mr. Craig called 'The Theatre Advancing.' If that is not a confused and confusing book (as well as a charming and amusing hotch-potch) I do not know the meaning of words. Mr. Craig has always seemed to me to function for the high-brows as Mr. Denry Machin did for lesser folk; he is "a card." He darts about Parnassus and brandishes now one bauble of theory, now another. "Before the art of the stage can revive, women must have passed off the boards." At one time I believe that he was saying that all actors of both sexes must pass off the stage. He says that we must get rid of the author and also that "there is only one actor—nay, one man—who has the soul of the dramatic poet and who has ever served as true and loyal interpreter of the poet. This is the Marionette." One wonders what will be left in the theatre—except Mr. Craig. And he may have forgotten all about it and have discovered a new text of Giulio Troili da Spinlamberto, usually known as Paradosso, and be sniffing away like anything.

No, the *Mask* should continue to delight those whom it delights. The spectacle of Mr. Craig and his colleagues attired as muscular curates and demanding "helpfulness" is too ridiculous. When asked to do practical work in the theatre there are such difficulties for a man of his discrimination. "I was five or six times asked by Reinhardt to enter his admirable theatre and produce a play as I wished to see it produced. I did not do so, and I will do no such thing. . . . I said I will not enter another man's theatre and do it. I will do it only in my theatre." Is not that to be a little difficult, a little confusing, a little unhelpful? What would we think of an ecclesiastic who was voluble about his high intentions of service and then suddenly remarked: "No, I shall not take services in that Cathedral. You must build me a special cathedral of my own. Then I may do you the honour"? We should think that he was a trifle tiresome; or even worse.

It is not claimed that all should think or work alike. Mr. Craig has the quick, suggestive mind which darts round and above the theatre of our time. He contradicts himself with an airiness that is almost magnificent, and out of his curt, whimsical paragraphs something may work itself into the European theatre by process of saturation. But he needs protection from his fussy champions and a strong defence from the disciples who become so petulant if he is not always given a plenary adoration. I would like the *Mask* better if it were content with its gentle archaeology and did not from its Florentine calm scold others for being too little prostrate

before Mr. Craig or insufficiently helpful. Even I can become petulant on reading such stuff as that, and in my wrath I would like to see Mr. Craig forcibly transported to England and set to produce plays in an ill-equipped hall next door to a kinema in a manufacturing town with an underpaid, over-worked company and not a penny to spend on new equipment of building or of body. That is what is wanted; that is what some heroes are doing. Would it be a waste of genius to use Mr. Craig thus? Perhaps, but English genius might be as well employed in illuminating the living Coketown, where the air is admittedly not good to sniff, as in practising an eternity of aromatic exercises over the Italy that was dead yesterday.

But I am becoming very solemn and Mr. Craig will only smile and think of Marionettes and Spinlamberto. So let me bid him adieu with the assurance that I am petulant no longer, and let him tell his friends of the *Mask* to be less silly and more sunny. If I could bask by the Arno and go to press once a quarter I should never, I am sure, become thus splenetic and rash.

MUSIC

MAY GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

THE records issued by the Gramophone Company this month are mostly of the kind that will interest the collectors of "celebrities" rather than the musicians. Mme. Jeritza heads the list with a record of Agathe's air, 'Leise, leise,' from Weber's 'Der Freischütz.' Here is a wonderful piece of music, but in listening to the records one is more conscious of the singer than of what is sung, even though Mme. Jeritza's wealth of calculated gesture is not present to distract the attention. There are many beautiful notes on this disc, and the voice cleaves truly through the orchestral accompaniment. But there is also a great deal of slovenliness in the singing, especially at the end of the phrases, some of which tail off in intonation to the extent of producing that unpleasant effect which occurs when the motor is allowed to run down. So strong was this impression that I took special care to see that it was not due to any mechanical defect, and I fear that the fault lies with the singer, not with the reproduction. The orchestral accompaniment in this record is not up to recent standards; the wood-wind parts sound as if they were played on that "miserable dumbodore," the harmonium.

Pablo Casals is represented by transcriptions of the prize-song from 'Die Meistersinger' and 'O Star of Eve' from 'Tannhäuser'—not very worthy material for so great an artist. The playing of these pieces is, of course, above reproach, but one cannot help feeling how much Walther's song loses by the transference from the voice to the violoncello. The phrases are essentially vocal, not instrumental, and require the ringing tone of the tenor voice. There is plenty of this ringing tone in Fernand Anseu's record of two airs from Gounod's 'Romeo and Juliet.' Anseu is one of the most pleasing tenors alive to-day, and his forthcoming appearance in 'Carmen' at Covent Garden is an event to whet the appetite.

Arthur de Greef has recorded Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor, the one with the Funeral March, complete. His reading is sound, but uninspired, and I cannot say that the reproduction of the pianoforte tone is in any way satisfactory. The experts, who use special sound-boxes, may get better results, but the tone produced by a standard H.M.V. gramophone and sound-box is metallic and unmusical. The Funeral March comes out better than the faster

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movements, but the performance is pedestrian. The Grande Valse Brillante in E flat by Chopin occupies the spare side of the third record. Alfredo Rode, a violinist whose name is new to me, has recorded two virtuoso pieces very brilliantly. One of them is Paganini's 'La Clochette,' which is more familiar under its Italian title of 'La Campanella' in Liszt's arrangement for the pianoforte.

The Covent Garden Orchestra, conducted by Malcolm Sargent, has recorded Rossini's 'William Tell' Overture. This nineteenth-century Italian 'Alpine Symphony' is very welcome, especially as it is crisply played. The reproduction is a trifle harsh, but is otherwise faithful. There is also in the list a record of the Prelude to Act III of 'Die Meistersinger,' played by the London Symphony Orchestra under Albert Coates; but this record has not reached me.

H.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—64

SET BY EDWARD SHANKS

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a translation into English verse of the following poem:

*Hörtest du denn nicht hinein,
Das Musik das Haus umschlich?
Nacht war schwer und ohne Schein,
Doch der sanft auf hartem Stein
Lag und spielte, das war ich.*

*Was ich konnte, sprach ich aus:
"Liebste du, mein Alles du!"
Ostlich brach ein Licht heraus,
Schwerer Tag trieb mich nach Haus,
Und mein Mund ist wieder zu.*

HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL

Competitors are warned that there is a catch in this and that those who discern what it is will acquire merit thereby.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for one sentence to go at the foot of a column in an evening paper, reporting an item of news and giving as many facts as possible to one principal verb. Example: "Elizabeth Halkins (56), formerly a laundrymaid, was fined 40s. at Billingsgate Police Court to-day for describing Thomas Moggs, her step-sister's son-in-law, an unemployed fish-porter, now on the dole, as a lazy hound, thus leading to a breach of the peace." Competitors, who will be expected to do much better than this, will be allowed as many words as they can use but only one principal verb and no relative clauses.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week, LITERARY 64A, or LITERARY 64B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, May 30, 1927. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the

Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 62

SET BY IVOR BROWN

A. Since the Poet Laureate appears to prefer the dignity of his art to the duties of his office, we frequently lack Poetical Salutes to events of national importance. There may be some who regret the silence and would be glad to break it. We therefore offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a Salute in Verse to the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy, opened this week at Burlington House. Competitors are requested to show their own laurels and not to attempt a pastiche on the style of the Laureate. They are limited to twenty-four lines, but they may suggest that this is only the first flourish of a Salute intended to be as large as it is fine.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an excerpt, not exceeding 250 words, from an essay on 'Froth-Blowing,' in the manner of Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam.

We have received the following report from Mr. Ivor Brown, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. IVOR BROWN

62A. Competitors were of many minds, which was right and proper. The problem was broadly stated with a view to inclusiveness. It was possible to believe that an Official Bard would have to be polite about Official Art. Yet the terms of the competition did not forbid the sardonic touch. Some entrants were apparently eager to show what becomes of those who wear laurels in their hair. S. MacLeash, for instance, begins with:

'Tis May, 'tis glorious May, and the Academy opens,
Art, like Nature, presents its nascent, its consummate tokens.

and ends thus reflectively:

For Art should be reverently treated; is it not a phase
Of high, impeccable Providence working into the maze
Of this sad, this beautiful Earth with its passions good and ill,
Where some are content good to create, others the good to kill?

Several competitors were critical of our critic, but the subject was the Academy and not Mr. Bertram. G. M. Graham produced verses with laurels all over them and sounding the ethical note of Office:

Keep fresh for us earth's better, sweeter parts!
Immortalize the brave! Preserve the fair.
We seek the gentle lessons that you teach
And may they reach
The secret chambers of a million hearts
Finding their echoes there.

T. E. Casson celebrated one picture only and did it well, but his poem hardly conforms to the subject set. To Jo sent an epigram and Bébé a sonnet. Both forms are in order, but the epigram had too obvious a thrust and Bébé rhymed "portraiture" with "year," for which she deserves to be reported to Mr. St. John Ervine.

On the whole, the Academy stands high in our readers' esteem. I could not decide whether Marion Peacock had a second intention with:

Beauty of England, I salute thee now.
Here are thy flowers,
Plucked from the artist's bosom tremblingly
In workful hours,

but one can pleasantly brood upon the vision of Sir William Orpen trembling as he plucks another portrait from his bosom. Mrs. Procter naturally was in the air and it was not undutiful to observe that

Dod moves in a mysterious way
Her wonders to perform.

The first prize goes to Helen, the second to Ruth Glazebrook. Lester Ralph and G. M. Graham might be cast as Third and Fourth Laureates.

THE WINNING ENTRY

Now May, with flowering branches interlaced
Calls persons of discernment and of taste
To leave their country crudities for this—
The rarer air of the Metropolis,
And in the Academy, if anywhere,
They taste and smell and see the rarest air.
Oh great achievement of our English race!
Whilst not to visit thee is blank disgrace,
Social extinction and nonentity,
To visit and applaud is held to be
Sign of suburban lack of savoir faire.
True, men may praise the frocks and faces there,
But not the pictures—though it is allowed
To tender homage to the Peers that crowd
With other Noble Portraits, marge to marge,
As natural as life, and twice as large.
Though sixteen-ninety-eight exhibits fill
These spacious walls, discerning persons will
Not fail, with graceful shoulder-shrug to say
There is not one they'd freely take away
And as for payment—race of merchants! Why—
Who comes within these walls prepared to buy?
As fools or foreigners proclaimed are they
Who having come to scoff, remain to pay.

HELEN

SECOND PRIZE

Assemble all ye ladies at the door
In all your cars arrive, from far and wide
Visit the House of Burlington, for store
Of pictures greeteth here the young May-tide;
To see this day the pride
Of Britain's Artists is a solemn duty,
Where on the walls they hang, all side by side,
To-day we dedicate to Art and Beauty.

Bring out your new Spring models, that have been
Close kept in tissue paper till this day,
Bring out your gowns of bois-de-rose and green,
Your legs in hose of cobweb silk array,
Bring out your pearls we pray,
(Ciros or genuine, we care not)
In all your, best to-day you must be seen,
Lipstick and rouge and powder see you spare not.

This is the Feast of Elegance and Art.
Upon the payment of a little fee
The Flower of London, all the ultra-smart
Of those who represent Society
Within these halls you see.
And if with them you're not acquainted
You still may gaze upon their counterpart
In gilded frames, but not so nicely painted.

RUTH A. GLAZEBROOK

62B. This competition proved popular and produced a high level of pastiche. But I should, it seems, have been more explicit. The Ancient Order of Froth-Blowers is not so well known as I am sure it would like to be. In answer to the now frequent question "How much do you know?" some readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW would have to admit a complete ignorance about the momentous meaning of the letters A.O.F.B. These, when writing of Froth-Blowing, have regarded it as a species of political eloquence with results most painful to all authentic Blowers. Least of all men would Blowers care to be confused with the long-haired and, no doubt, short-thirsted Reds whose froth of words is blown on the Hyde Park air. Yet the identification has been made. This is indeed to blow a man down. The majority of competitors, however, "shot their linen" duly and could applaud M. E. Riley for observing that "Froth-blowing is one of the Fripperies of Life." Some, I fear, underestimated the Moral Factor and wrote only of Tankards and not at all of Wee Waifs. I was surprised to find Fairy Belles in a state of neglect and I feel sure that the Baconian method could have found for them a certain tightness of

phrase. Major Brawn provides most excellent Bacon, but is neglectful of charity. R. H. Pomfret is another good Baconian and John Doe obviously knows all about it and ends better than he starts. M. E. Riley, C. C. Coates and P. R. Laird (all strong in classicism) deserve honourable mention. I find it difficult to separate the first three, since each has a distinct merit, and recommend that the two prizes be divided equally among them. Will John Doe send his name?

THE WINNING ENTRIES

I

Froth-blowing hath three uses, for quenching, for contemplation, and for good company. For quenching, water be better. Else would not God in the beginning have made the rivers water. Nevertheless there be who say beer is more sublimating and delightful. Sir Phillip Sidney, as he lay dying, gave his bottle to one wounded who was beside him. This would he not have done if it was filled with beer. Bassius hath it in his Ruber Triangularis: *Birra juvat cor juventutis*, Beer delighteth the heart of youth; and though it be sometimes overpowerful and scandalizing for old men, it be not to be wholly despised of any, but to be taken wisely and in full proportion.

There be whose minds are of such a lightness that they think nothing unless they be first primed with beer. Then seemeth it to them as though the world were verily all Eden, and no serpent in it. But after they will see many serpents. These make great delight to puff with their breath, to form as it were a well to draw up the beer through the froth over-covering it. And it giveth them much pabulum for contemplation. But eschew their company who blow froth in solitude: they be never to be trusted.

It remaineth therefore for good company. He who first put together that speech: *Whosoever delighteth in solitude is either a wild beast or a god*, was a Frothblower and no god. Nevertheless to be seasonably primed is to be as it were a god. . . .

MAJOR BRAWN

II

"Why this Froth?" said thirsting Falstaff; and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that have great thirstiness; and count it a bondage to fix a reprieve; affecting free speed in drinking. And though the sect of Philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain imbibing Epicureans, which are of the same veins, though there be not so much capacity in them as was in that Ancient.

One, Johnson, who hath feet such as a cat hath, calleth Beer *Sythum Damonum*; certainly if beer were taken out of men's mouths, it would leave them poor shrunken things; unpleasing to themselves; unworthy to rise in arms against the gods.

And if we desire Beer, we must swallow froth; or blow it away. For without froth Beer is flat; as true sympathy is flat without sentiment. Contrariwise, if sentiment born of true sympathy must be blown upon, being in excess; there must be gentleness in the blowing.

Yet in bibulous competitions there should be a mixture of dignity and joviality. One, who presideth over the assembly, should say: "Frippé, prime numere noster, tui tueque conjugis memor vivat perpetuus." Then should all sing; for music moveth the soul to good deeds. And before any drink, let the hand be put into the pocket on behalf of the Wee Waifs.

Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity; his voice sing in harmony; his breath blow upon pearls; and his throat swallow in plenty.

JOHN DOE

III

Those there be that, like to Tritons, do much blow and spout among frothy liquors; others, that attend not liquors (haply fearing a neighbour's eye) froth mightily against the unashamed. Such as be Froth-blowers bide certain assured that their estate is comfortable and well-turned towards their fellow-men: an estate where Philanthropy holds seignior and good-fellowship a contented vassalage. To come on these at their pursuit giveth deep of pleasure—"Come (they say), the more we be together the merrier we be," and so take about a man that he would think no more to leave them than to 'scape the tax-gatherer's eye.

That one may the better be aware of another each fasteneth at his cuff the sign of the Order, so that the cloak of Modesty, falling back, may reveal the jewel of Charity.

As ever happeneth to aught founded in goodness of heart, those have not been wanting to traduce the Order, crying, "Ye dupes of the brewers that most subtly compassed this thing!"—yet for one hale decryer a dozen maimed sufferers cast down their crutches and praise all Froth-blowing. Again, they that benefit the infirm do benefit also the state, so that every chorus lusty sung to liquor hath its echo in the coffers of the Realm.

Let it not appear that the principal rite of the Order must be ever pursued to the letter, for a many have so blown on a puny liquor that they have not known how to go about for drops to swallow. . . .

R. H. POMFRET

BACK NUMBERS—XXIV

WHEN Tennyson died, nearly all the papers wrote of him as one who had been exempt from criticism since early manhood. The SATURDAY REVIEW of that day very properly exposed the absurdity of the supposition. Not till Tennyson was over seventy, it pointed out, did he become an idol against whom no voice could be raised. It might have added that Tennyson achieved his unique position by a series of adjustments to changing taste which have rarely been noticed. There were during his career two striking innovations in poetry, that made by the Spasmodics and that made by Rossetti's group, and to both did Tennyson adjust himself, unconsciously perhaps. With the result that he seemed to represent all that was vital even in movements in some sort hostile to him.

'Maud' was not only Tennyson's greatest work but the greatest thing that came out of the Spasmodics. It showed just how far a poet should go along that road. The response that Tennyson made to the new sensuousness introduced by Rossetti and his friends was much less evident, but a warmer tinge certainly appeared in some of his work after those younger men had come into prominence. Instead, therefore, of appearing to be in this or that respect left behind by new poets, Tennyson appeared to have as much of their qualities as was compatible with the character of a great and soundly English poet. He, it was felt, had as merits what they had as extravagances. He made them look eccentric specialists.

No one else has ever occupied a similar position. Certainly Pope was a king in his day, and there was no kind of poetry amply and finely produced in that day of which he was not master, his incapacity for the lyric being in no way detrimental in an age that did not sing. But Tennyson's rule was longer, his influence wider, and he is alone in our literary history as a poet who was regarded not merely as the greatest of his time but as one to be surpassed only by a violation of the principles of poetry.

It is strange now to find even a cool and unawed Saturday Reviewer saying in 1892 that Tennyson's was an abysmal personality. We know now that Tennyson was a morbid being who never made quite the most of his morbidity. Solid and sane and mighty he seemed to his adorers, but his finest work was in the rendering of complex, languid moods and in the painting of landscape to harmonize with them, or else in the expression of something acrid that he strove as a rule to keep out of his poetry. As the man presented that contrast of the grand frame and the unstrung nerves, so the poet who seemed so massive and serene was really something much smaller, more feminine and more tortured than even his shrewdest readers supposed.

His life was fortunate, and it is an abominable thing to grudge it to him. Yet, to make the shameful confession, I have often wondered what he would have become if it had been as troubled as the lives of most poets. He said that when he married the peace of God came into his life: suppose torment had come. He became a great public figure,

honoured by his sovereign, by statesmen, by the crowd: suppose he had been neglected or derided. It is likely enough he would have collapsed; but perhaps the morbidity would have issued in a score of lyrics finer than any he wrote. Or, with his circumstances unchanged, suppose he had realized that his strength as a poet arose out of his weaknesses as a man, and that the mooning and brooding, the twilight moods and night fears and fits of sick anger were inspiration.

He was born to be the poet, not of the satisfied Victorian England of which he was laureate, but of his personal dejections. States of lowered vitality have never been rendered with a more exquisite truth than by him, and it is in that success and in its landscapes that 'In Memoriam' triumphs, not in its thought, which is often thin, or its pathos, which is too often feminine. He adapted himself only too well to his age, has suffered severely at the hands of the next, and is now being placed where he should be, as a smaller but finer poet than the Victorian idol.

His death was followed by a babble of discussion over the laureateship which was singularly undignified. "Wha's to be oor poet, noo Robbie's deid?" the local idiot of Dumfries asked at the funeral of Burns; and persons not very much more intelligent abounded in questions when Tennyson's funeral was the sensation of London. Two great poets were living then, neither of them politically eligible, and the greater of the two thought the position should be filled by the appointment of Lord de Tabley, who undoubtedly had all the qualifications, but who was unknown to the general public until three or four years later a selection of his work gave him fame in old age. The appointment actually made was ludicrous. It was not that Alfred Austin was utterly worthless as a poet; among much rubbish he had written a few things deserving of respect. But he was painfully devoid of the literary tact which saves a writer when inspiration is lacking.

We cannot hope ever again to have a laureate so generally honoured as Tennyson. It suffices, and indeed is matter for thanksgiving, that the laureate should be a poet who commands the admiration of every scholar. The laureateship, even when less wisely bestowed than it was on Mr. Robert Bridges, has a certain value. It does convey to the man in the street the idea that poetry has claims on the nation.

Tennyson may be studied as the official poet of the Victorians, with entertainment enough, or he may be enjoyed as the artist he was when he yielded to the promptings of his unstrung nerves. A good many of us have outgrown the temptation to get malicious sport out of the official poet; a few more years and all of us not insensitive to poetry will be happy with the artist. Others have had greater things to give us, but he has his peculiar contribution to make in those evocations of relaxed moods, of lovely, melancholy landscape. We now need not waste time over his once so loudly admired felicities, found under examination often enough to be no more than ingenuities; we may pass to the magical part of his work, most of it somewhat early work produced while he was the man so marvellously described by Carlyle, ere he became a pillar of the State and the author of the 'Mort d'Albert.'

STET.

REVIEWS

'PITCHER'

BY EDWARD SHANKS

The Works of Arthur Binstead. Vol. I. A Pink'un and a Pelican. Pitcher in Paradise. Laurie. 7s. 6d.

IT is always well to beware of the frivolous books that are solemnly recommended by the great. The works of the illustrious "Pitcher" are here put forward under the recommendation of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Hilaire Belloc, and had I not already known something of "Pitcher" I should have been mindful of the last pup sold to me. I forbear from mentioning its name since so many persons to whom also it was sold are still, with defensive indignation, speaking of it as a likely thing at Cruft's. Once bit, twice shy; and I am glad to have read "Pitcher" before knowing that he awakens the enthusiasm of Mr. Belloc and Lord Rosebery. Lord Rosebery's encomium is, in particular, most discouraging: he speaks of "Pitcher" as "a modern Thucydides." I cannot imagine what he means by this.

But "Pitcher" is an old and cherished favourite, whose merit cannot be diminished by any praise. We say sometimes that that wonderful life of the 'eighties and 'nineties no longer exists, and indeed I do not know where we should look for it now. The racing correspondent is no longer the free-winged bird he used to be. If he shows badly in the "Tell-tale table" a millionaire proprietor wants to know the reason why. Expense sheets are scrutinized by Scots accountants. Night-clubs live under the shadow of the police, and when the shadow darkens into raid and prosecution, then they are appetizing food for the Sunday newspapers. The Bohemia of our days consists mostly of clerks who dance with perfectly respectable shop-girls until about half-past one in the morning, the last hour of it on a synthetic lemonade which destroys the coats of the stomach, and then next day go about their work sluggishly and with heavy eyes but with as much intelligence and alertness as are expected of them. "Pitcher" and the Shifter and Swears and the rest of them would have been ill at ease in this company. And yet can that great riotous life really have ceased? It romps so magnificently across these pages that one cannot imagine for it any beginning or any end. The pigeon and his plucker, the rake, the cunning barmaid, the moneylender and the bookie, the writ-server and the writ-dodger, surely these comic characters, who seem to have existed from the very beginning of civilization, cannot have perished from among us.

These are "Pitcher's" persons and out of them he makes a marvellous bacchanalian frieze. But, again, I cannot think what Lord Rosebery can have meant by calling him "a modern Thucydides." There were several persons in the Athens of Thucydides whom "Pitcher" would willingly have taken racing with him: Alcibiades was one of them, and he and "Pitcher" would probably have got on very well together. The main quality of both was an abounding charity towards anybody amusing. But Thucydides does not dwell with much gusto on the lighter side of the life of Alcibiades, and I cannot detect any great resemblance in style. One can only suppose Lord Rosebery's intention to have been to call attention to "Pitcher's" merits as an author as emphatically as he knew how.

This should certainly be done. Let us, however, tell the truth and avoid hypocrisy. "Pitcher" wrote like a journalist in a hurry. When Sir Walter Raleigh (another of the great) said, "That, my boy, is literature," he passed over faults which

he would have severely condemned in the essays of the undergraduate to whom he said it. But, however unevenly and turbidly it flows, there is the real sap of life in these books. Indeed, the metaphor of sap is not a bad one. The sap is the same wherever you cut the bark of the tree and "Pitcher" is the same at whatever page you open him. And it is a rich sap, not like that of the turnip, to which our author refers in a passage that will serve as well as another in illustration of his more didactic manner:

I would casually observe that in nothing have we made greater advancement during the past quarter of a century than in the practical education of our young men. By gradually curbing the wild and rebellious dispositions of our schoolboys, and teaching them that Virtue itself is only one long struggle against the promptings of a vulgar nature, we now get, at the age of twenty, human hard-shelled cases that cannot be dented with a coke-hammer—brave young financiers and dealers, in whose veins flows the rich vital fluid of the school-farm turnip, and who can steam slap into the port without laying to for a pilot. Of whatever else the halfling of to-day may be short, he lacks no confidence in himself, although the picturesque assurance with which he will demonstrate his theories with a black-lead pencil on a restaurant tablecloth may not convince the beholder that he is allowed to do such things at home.

It is slapdash English, but it has all the vigour of the man who is slapdash by nature and not merely because it saves him time. His narrative manner is no less brisk and moving, but his bacchanalian figures go dancing by all hand locked in hand, so that it is not easy to detach a single episode for quotation. Of those that can be detached, I like best the following. A young Jew, having been put up with beautiful clothes by Gentile promoters to execute a racing swindle, failed in it and disappeared. Then:

The first day's racing of the following First October at Newmarket had been over about twenty minutes, and a heterogeneous crowd was streaming off the Heath and down the High Street. Outside the swing doors of the Subscription Rooms two or three little knots of bookmakers were discussing their gains by the latest overthrow, and a Jew, with a small, flat box of giant shrimps, kept crying monotonously:

"Prawns, a bob a dozen; who says a dozen prawns?"

Anon there drew up a closed fly, and three elderly men got out. Two of them went straight into the Rooms, but the third, whose white moustache was carefully curled by the irons like a rolling wave, and around whose throat was a spotless white silk handkerchief, stayed behind to settle with the flyman. Eventually, as he turned to follow his companions into the Rooms, his eyes fell upon the itinerant fish-monger, and he gave something closely akin to a start. Then he went straight up to the Yid, and seemingly only half-convinced, said:

"You—yes, it was you—lost a thousand to me in July at Sandown Park!"

"I did, by God!" replied the Jew, hopelessly. "'Ere, 'ave a prawn!"

No Thucydides, ancient or modern, nor yet anybody else with a conscience about writing would have used the phrase "closely akin to a start." But what an instinctive literary genius is revealed in the last adverb—"hopelessly." It completes the picture with one superb touch; it is much more than the point of the joke itself. And it reveals "Pitcher" as a natural stylist whose lapses are no more than clouds that float across the sun of a warming gift.

LOW LATIN LYRIC

The Wandering Scholars. By Helen Waddell. Constable. 21s.

NOT even lavish quotation and profuse illustration can do justice to the merits of Miss Waddell's graceful, accomplished, and scholarly essay in medieval literature. If any criticism of this charming study might be ventured it would be that it is sometimes hard to avoid the suspicion that the translations are better than the originals. Begun as an introduction to a volume of translations from medieval

Latin lyric, this book has grown to be a fairly full account of the classic tradition that "came to its wild flowering" in the rhyming Latin lyric of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. A host of learned medievalists have been busy for a generation criticizing established notions of the Middle Age, casting everything into the melting pot. Now Miss Waddell comes to shed a radiant light upon those Low Latin groves which, as Professor Saintsbury says, "knew Romance as the trim plantations of the Augustans never did." Medieval Latin literature was "the last wild vintage of the Latin tongue," and this book affords abundant evidence of its power of intoxication and gives a brilliant account of the Wandering Scholars who made it.

Right at the beginning of the Middle Age, in the *Psychomachia*, the most famous work of Prudentius, Miss Waddell discerns the first promise of 'La Belle Dame sans Merci';

Come from the confines of the sunset world,
Luxury, lavish of her ruined fame,
Loose-haired, wild-eyed, her voice a dying fall;
Lost in delight . . .
Flowershod and swaying from the wine cup,
Each step a fragrance.

A different vision is that of an Irish scholar writing in a mood of humorous detachment, at Reichenau in Carinthia, a little later. He begins his verses thus:

I and Paugur Bán, my cat,
'Tis a like task we are at:
Hunting mice is his delight,
Hunting words I sit all night.

Properly speaking, the first renaissance was the Carolingian, of which the *doyen* was Alcuin of York. Charlemagne's zeal for learning is illustrated by the fact that on occasion he slept with his slate under his pillow. When Alcuin died his scholar Fredegis wrote for him a lament which Miss Waddell calls the loveliest of the Middle Age:

O little house, O dear and sweet my dwelling,
O little house, for ever fare thee well.
The trees stand round thee with their sighing branches,
A little flowering wood for ever fair.
Small streams about thee. . .

As Miss Waddell again puts it, it "has the silvered light of the Loire, the faint and exquisite landscapes of Ronsard and Du Bellay."

When we come to the twelfth-century renaissance, the typical scholar quoted is not John of Salisbury, the interesting advocate of tyrannicide, but another Englishman, Serlon of Wilton, a brilliant and dissolute figure. He has "the morals of Captain Macheath, the manners of Restoration Comedy, with a suggestion of Walter Pater's preciousness at the last." One of his performances, we learn, is a variant of:

How happy could I be with either;
and in a lyric of seduction occur the lines:
"And who knows honey sweet, who tastes it not?"
"Nature demands; deny? It is a crime?"

The twin peaks of the medieval Parnassus are represented by the sacred *Dies iræ* and the secular *Dum Dianæ vitrea*. Here is a stanza from the latter:

Love's sweet exchange and barter, then the brain
Sinks to repose;
Swimming in strangeness of a new delight,
The eyelids close.
Oh, sweet the passing o'er from love to sleep,
But sweeter the awakening to love!

The history of the prosody of the Latin lyric compared with the vernacular remains to be written. And, as Miss Waddell observes, its writing demands a knowledge of five vernaculars at their thorniest transition. But as early as the twelfth century the rhythm of the following lines is forming in at least three languages:

By brooks too broad for leaping
The light-foot lads are laid,
The rose-lip girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

Let us conclude by expressing a hope that such a history may be given us by the accomplished writer of this delightful book.

ISLES OF THE SOUTH

Melanesians of the South-East Solomon Islands.

By W. G. Ivens. Kegan Paul. 30s.

THE author of this work was for many years a missionary in Mala and the island of Ulawa, and in his thirteen years' residence he gained linguistic knowledge which bore fruit in dictionaries and grammars. Then the University of Melbourne, setting an example that might be followed elsewhere, made Dr. Ivens a research fellow and sent him to study the peoples whom he already knew. The work of research was hampered by the devastations of influenza, repeated epidemics of which have in some villages swept away all the old men. But this only emphasizes the need for the collection of data, in the Solomons and elsewhere, before European influence has broken down all the ancient culture of the people.

The author has collected a great mass of information and presented it in a thoroughly interesting form; he steers clear of theory in the main, and the general reader need not fear that abstruse questions like the classificatory system of relationship will bulk too largely; for it so happens that the area chosen for study reckons descent in the male line instead of the female, and has vastly simplified its system of relationship and its terminology in consequence.

One of the arguments, however, by which Dr. Ivens tries to prove the absence of any bond between the mother's-brother and sister's-son seems to be mistaken. Some twenty years ago when a ruling chief died his sister's son came and seized his money chest, containing forty units of shell money, which, according to local custom, should have gone to the man's own son. In reality the claim of the sister's son to the money demonstrates the importance of the tie between mother's brother and sister's son, for in a matrilineal society the latter is the heir. The account is in other respects not quite clear, for on one page we read that the children of brother and sister are *di'i* to each other, while the relationship of this nephew and his uncle's son is said to be *āsi*, a term elsewhere assigned to that of brother and sister.

This is not the only case of ambiguous utterance; in the introductory chapter the word *nunu* is said to mean a man's shadow or his real self; there is not a word about its survival of death, nothing to suggest that it becomes a ghost. But in dealing with burial customs we learn that on the day of burial big fires are lighted at dusk in the house of the deceased, and a priest angles for the *nunu* of the dead man, which seems to be regarded as adhering to one of the men present at the burial rites. We do not learn what becomes of the *nunu*, beyond that it is supposed to enter a rod carried by the priest, but in the narrative it is referred to as the ghost, the ordinary name for which is *akalo*. A few pages earlier it is the *akalo* which they wish to catch; this is an ambiguity which should not have escaped the author's attention.

Full as the book is, there are many things which surprise the reader by their absence. Nothing is said as to the sex ratio, either at the present day or in the past; little or no use was made of genealogies, so far as can be seen, so that we do not know whether the coming of the white man has caused any change in the marriage regulations; indeed, in the absence of examples some passages remain rather obscure; what is to be made of the dictum that they do not fear intermarriage?

Another matter on which the author has very little to say is the question of *mana*. According to some writers *mana* is a wholly impersonal spiritual force,

which makes a man great or a spell powerful; but it is held by others that *mana* is an altogether personal matter, connected with an individual spirit. No one expects a working missionary to be up to date on points of controversy among ethnologists, but if he returns to the field to do research work he should surely make it his business to bring home some data on such matters.

Perhaps the chief defect of the work is a certain lack of orderly arrangement, which is not atoned for by a very long index. It has been pointed out above that *nunu* and *akalo* seem to be synonymous; but in the chapter devoted to *akalo* the only mention of *nunu* is in a passage devoted to apparitions which the author says, without further explanation, are what we should call wraiths; it is not easy to form a clear idea of native ideas in the circumstances. In the index, beliefs as to a future life are not found under that heading, nor under "other world," but under "eschatology" and "Malapa" (the home of the dead); the most important passage is not given under "eschatology"; but no one would turn up "Malapa" unless a cross-reference under "dead" led him to the word. The interest and value of the work are increased by the illustrations, some of which, by native artists, are in themselves useful for the light they throw on the artistic gifts of the Melanesians.

ECTOPLASMIC HORRORS

Clairvoyance and Materialization. By Dr. Gustave Geley. Translated from the French by S. de Brath. Fisher Unwin. 30s.

IF this extraordinary book contained no more than the chapters on clairvoyance, telekinesis, sensations of being touched and hearing voices, metapsychic lights, and so forth, it might safely be neglected by those who are not specially engaged in psychical research. The experiments recorded in these fields are certainly remarkable, but they proceed along familiar lines. Mr. Stephen Ossowiecki demonstrates his power of reading the contents of a sealed letter; Dr. Geley calls it a "divine gift," but Professor Richet prefers to regard it as "tactile hyperesthesia," or extreme sensibility of touch. Many séances with other mediums are described. The professors and students sit round in a circle, in the dark, holding the medium by the hands. There are the usual ludicrous incidents, apparently inseparable from modern spiritualism. One investigator is struck in the face, "rather hard." Another middle-aged gentleman is "repeatedly kissed." Sometimes the kisses are "cold," more often "warm." Then one of the spirits, evidently getting bored with the proceedings, asks the professors to oblige with a song. They lift up their voices in the Marseillaise, and there is the sound of applause and "hand-clapping" from the invisible audience.

Then there is that strange spirit, generally supposed to be a large dog (there is always a smell of "wet dog" when it is present) which turns up at several séances, wanders about the room upsetting the furniture, tries to push its muzzle into Sir Oliver Lodge's trousers-pocket, and so on. When this disagreeable visitor arrives, sitters "may be patted, rubbed, bitten, licked or scratched." Sir Oliver addresses it as "Fango"; no one knows why until he explains that he has been asking "Raymond" about it, and that "Raymond" has told him that it is not a dog at all but "a primitive man, who answers to the name of Fango." (Incidentally, one wonders why there are not more animals and primitive men about on these occasions, since it seems to be the accepted theory that the lower the spiritual development the more easily can a being be recalled to earth.) But in regard

to all phenomena of this kind, the average layman has long since adopted a passive attitude of "wait-and-see," which this book will do nothing to alter. He is waiting until the spirits tell him one single definite fact about life on the "other side"—or perhaps he might be content with the name of the Derby winner. The most that Dr. Geley achieves is to emphasize the already widespread impression that it cannot quite all be fake.

But no one can dismiss in this casual way Dr. Geley's chapters on materialization, or his astonishing and repulsive gallery of photographs. Here, for instance, is a flashlight snapshot showing an enormous bird of prey—apparently a cross between a vulture and a hornbill—sprawling hideously over the shoulders of the sleeping medium. Here is a whole series of plaster casts taken from wax moulds of the hands of materialized spirits. These moulds are alleged to have been obtained by asking the spirits to dip their hands, feet or faces into paraffin wax, which was kept floating in a bowl of warm water, and then to remove the moulds (or gloves) and leave them on a table to cool. All the hands are of the size of children's, and immediately one suspects the presence of some youthful confederate; but an expert Parisian moulder has given it as his professional opinion that no "living hand" could have been withdrawn from moulds so thin as these, without breaking them. All this is very different from the usual spiritualist idea of "evidence." Here we are down to something concrete—or, at any rate, to plaster casts of it.

And the ectoplasm! We see it photographed, hanging in "an amorphous mass" between the fingers of the medium, "Eva." It exudes from her mouth and down her chest. With some mediums, ectoplasm is merely vapour; but in "Eva's" case it is firm—"like a caul," says Dr. Geley. It "emanates from the whole body, but chiefly from the natural orifices, from the extremities of the body, the top of the head, the nipples, and the ends of the fingers." Most often, the mouth. It forms itself into hands, like human hands—and once into an abominable female face, which Dr. Geley finds "beautiful." Nobody knows its composition, except that it appears to be "closely connected to the body of the medium, of which it is a kind of prolongation, and into which it is absorbed at the end of the experiment." If anyone touches it, the medium suffers immediate pain; it shrinks from the touch and retires into her body again. Yet there are many instances of ectoplasm entirely separated from the body of the medium—ectoplasm which simply "disappears" if someone touches it, without, apparently, hurting the medium at all.

The one thing it will not do is to submit itself to scientific examination. Dr. Geley has taken enormous pains to prove his case. He gave "Eva" doses of syrup of bilberry, and established the fact that "its dark red colour had no effect on the ectoplasm, which was brilliantly white." He gave her emetics after the séance, and found "nothing suspicious." He has taken dozens of these horrible photographs. What he does not seem to see is that there is just one way, and only one way, of silencing his critics—and that is, to produce, not a photograph or a plaster cast, but an actual sample of ectoplasm. It might hurt the medium; but surely he (or she) could be induced, for a consideration, to allow, say, one finger nail to be clipped off an ectoplasmic hand, for exhibition before a committee of scientists! That would settle the argument, once and for all.

In the meantime it should be noted that Dr. Geley deliberately abstained from making any deductions in this volume: he merely recorded the experiments, meaning to elaborate his subject in a later book. But in July, 1924, an aeroplane, in which he was travelling from Warsaw to Paris, intending there to make some further inquiries into the conditions of life beyond the grave, crashed; and he was unfortunately killed.

VINEGAR AND WATER

A Great Man's Friendship: Letters of the Duke of Wellington to Mary, Marchioness of Salisbury. Edited by Lady Burghclere. Murray. 16s.

IT would be an amusing occupation for a winter's evening to submit to one's guests a selection from the private correspondence of great men, living or dead, and ask them to identify the writers. The task would not be an easy one, if all letters containing references to public affairs or the professional concerns of the writers were rigorously excluded. Here is an example:

August 26, 1852.

I am delighted to hear from your letter that Lord De La Warr was going on so well. . . I suspect that Vinegar and Water would do as much good to Lord De La Warr as Chloroform! The smell of the Chloroform must last for some time after it is rubbed in! You have never had even a cold since I gave you the gloves, and advised you to rub yourself with Vinegar and Water, nor have I one that signified. My ears are tender, so that I am constantly catching cold: but it never is of any consequence! I rub with Vinegar and Water and it all goes off! I sleep very well! But if anything occurs to derange me I rub in the Vinegar and Water when I go to Bed.

And here are some shorter extracts from the same author: "I asked him [Mr. Croker] about his Stomach! and said that I should think it did not perform its duty!" but "he said that the Stomach was quite in order in every respect." "The great art of all is not to give the Stomach too much to do." "I eat very little and never eat or drink anything which can disagree with my Stomach in the State in which I think it is." "I have known you to be very uneasy and unhappy when Sackville [the writer's little godson] is unwell; and I wonder that you should not feel that a full Supper before he goes to bed at nights, and a full breakfast of God knows what before he goes to sleep in the day are apt to produce indigestion, and the very illness respecting which you feel such just alarm!" Or again, "I am delighted to learn that Mary Arthur has teeth." "My godson . . . has all his teeth." "I sent you last night the directions for the use of the Baby Jumper, which was sent to your house this morning. . . I entreat you not to forget the warning I gave you respecting the fastening to the Nursery Ceiling." And so on.

The author of these charming but rather pathetic letters is the great Duke of Wellington, and he despatched them at the rate of about one a day to his friend, the Marchioness of Salisbury, throughout the last two years of his life. If foreign politics are ever mentioned here, they take second place after the latest news from the nursery. There are not more than two or three references to the late wars. His opinion of his fellow-countrymen continues low, for alas! he has not forgotten a certain day in 1832, when a mob of ruffians followed him from Lincoln's Inn to Hyde Park, hurling stones and abuse. England is "the country of all others which it is most difficult to manage, because the people are the least disciplined, and the most difficult to be controlled! and to be brought strictly to obey orders!" Even the servants are more "cross-grained" than in any other country—an ancient grievance. This is the Vinegar. For the rest, we have only the most amiable of comments and the kindest of advice from a tired old warrior, now come closer than he realized to the grave. With characteristic self-confidence he will not listen to a word about his flagging powers: "If I was not deaf, I really believe that there is not a youth in London who could enjoy the world more." And, with the help of Vinegar and Water, even the deafness gets better every day! Less than three weeks later he was dead.

There can seldom have been a more strangely in-

teresting and moving collection of private letters than these which Lady Burghclere has brought together. Historically, no doubt, they are of secondary importance, as referring to one of the least active periods in the great soldier's life. But as human documents they are of surpassing interest. This eager preoccupation with little things, this love and understanding of children, this inexhaustible energy (he rode every day to the Crystal Palace when the Exhibition opened), these rare, curt comments upon public affairs, are, after all, exactly what one would expect to hear of the last days of Wellington, who never said or did a thing that was not strictly "in character." It should not be so difficult for an intelligent visitor to guess their authorship, provided that he knows their date.

AN INTELLECTUAL POET

Poems. By Elizabeth Bibesco. Benn. 6s.

PRINCESS BIBESCO is a very modern poet. Her mind is critical even in its moments of greatest excitement; and she questions her moods with petulance. Whereas most writers of verse come to us with a certain ceremony, an air of having put themselves in order before bestowing their confidences on us, she appears before us in the frank disarray of her ideas and emotions. The effect she produces is not that of the finest poetry, but it is unusual and welcome like the swift emergence of an attractively indiscreet personality in a gathering of carefully correct persons. Her best inspiration is an acute sense of the limitations of human faculty:

Oh, my dear God, Thou who art unconfin'd
By all the frontiers Thou hast forced on me,
One boon I ask: since Thou hast made me blind,
Let me remember that I cannot see.

Much of her verse suffers from the facility which her forms encourage, but that she can write more tautly is proved by such a piece as the final sonnet in her book:

Into the pitiless silver of the night
When all the world is powdered by the moon,
And day's warm shadows, frozen into light,
Forget the drowsy comfort of the noon,
Into the pitiless white of the harsh flame
That you called love, well-knowing it was death,
With open eyes and arms outstretched I came,
Kneeling to know the blessing of your breath,
Icily blowing from the core of heat,
That was my spirit since it came from you.
It was my victory and the defeat
Of all the sweet evasions that I knew,
Through the ordeal of silver and of white
My soul has gained the freedom of the night.

Elsewhere there are indications that she could, if she seriously chose, do remarkable things with the octosyllabic couplet. What, probably, she needs is a considerable theme on which her intellectual curiosity could be thoroughly exercised. The moods which suffice the born lyrist are not sufficient for her, and so long as she deals with them her work will have a kind of fragmentariness. We can fancy her doing in poetry what is more frequently done in analytical prose fiction, and we should feel expectation if it were announced that she was at work on a novel in verse.

THE DEFENDANT

Land, Sea and Air. By Admiral Mark Kerr. Longmans. 21s.

ADMIRAL MARK KERR is already well known to newspaper readers in this country as a staunch defender of those rather discredited monarchs, the ex-Kaiser of Germany and the late ex-King Constantine of Greece. And since both of them were his personal friends, the championship does him credit.

In his preface to this book of reminiscences he warns us frankly that the familiar subjects are likely to turn up again. "I have," he says, "defended people with facts against the poisoned darts of fiction, and left the record for the unbiased historian of the future." Thus we get the Kaiser declaring emphatically, in private conversation, that he is unalterably opposed to war—which was later thrust upon him by the German war party during his unfortunate absence in Scandinavia. "If we were allied to Great Britain alone," he said to Admiral Mark Kerr, "we would force the rest of the world to keep the peace." That the Kaiser, during a large part of his career, was earnestly desirous of an Anglo-German understanding is, of course, beyond dispute. But none of his utterances on the subject rings quite so true as this interesting letter written by his son, Prince Henry, to Admiral Kerr about three years before the outbreak of the Great War:

We have just passed your Fleet at sea. What a magnificent spectacle! It is awful to think of our two countries being at war, but the Army want it because they are screwed up to such a high pitch of work and discipline that there is no relief except through war. Captains in the Army are 35 years old, and there is no promotion possible except through war. They would sooner fight France than you, but they would sooner fight you than no one at all.

It is a new claim on behalf of the ex-Kaiser to represent him not only as a good talker—which is undeniable—but as a good listener too. How else, asks Admiral Kerr, could a man who seldom read a book have become so surprisingly well-informed on such a wide range of subjects? There is force in the contention; and Admiral Kerr is able to quote instances which show that he, at all events, had the gift of inducing the ex-Kaiser to listen to what he had to say.

The defence of ex-King Constantine is easier. Admiral Kerr is not alone in thinking that this unhappy monarch was never given a fair chance. On the other hand, his attitude towards M. Venizelos is too frankly partizan to be impressive. He has found two or three other lost causes to defend. One is Prohibition. "The results of Prohibition," says Admiral Kerr, "so far as they have been tabulated at present, show that it produces among the masses increased work, prosperity and comfort, and less lunacy, poverty and crime." Astonishing! Lunacy, poverty, and crime are decreasing in nearly every civilized country, but if anyone were to argue that this was due to the increased consumption of beer, Admiral Kerr and his temperance friends would be properly indignant. An even more hopelessly lost cause is that of the alleged Tomb of our Lord at Jerusalem, commonly called General Gordon's Tomb, after its "discoverer." Admiral Kerr is impressed by the fact that this tomb fits the biblical description in standing outside the present city walls. If, before forming an opinion, he had taken the trouble to look up the position of the walls at the time of our Lord, he would have found that that other Tomb, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which was good enough for our ancestors down to the date of General Gordon's visit, but which he calls "fraud and nonsense," also stood outside the walls in those days.

In professional matters, however, we never find Admiral Kerr defending lost causes. He was among the first to foresee the great future of aircraft and submarines in war. He took his flying certificate in 1914, at the age of fifty, while in command of the Greek Navy; and he tells some amusing stories of the difficulty he had in persuading the Italian authorities in the Adriatic during the war that the Admiral in command of the British flotilla there was also an expert flying man. Admiral Kerr's reminiscences begin as far back as the last of the wooden frigates, and they cover most parts of the world. He has met a surprising number of distinguished people and has stories to tell about nearly all of them.

WAR GUILT

Recent Revelations of European Diplomacy.
By G. P. Gooch. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

IN surveying within the compass of a single volume of little more than two hundred pages the vast literature of the world war and its origins, Dr. Gooch has achieved what might reasonably have been supposed to be the impossible. Nearly three hundred books are subjected to a critical examination, and the result is not only an invaluable guide for the historical student but also a highly interesting composite picture, painted by authors of varying nationalities of Europe, before and during the war. This is, however, something more than a mere critical bibliography. Dr. Gooch has not been content to read solely to know the contents of a book; he has sought to estimate the exact measure of each writer's contribution to history as a whole. Hence at the conclusion of his work he was forced to take a retrospective glance over the field of his labours, and to ask himself what was the impression—the predominant impression—left upon his mind by his protracted reading. In other words: Upon whom does the blame for the outbreak of war rest most heavily?

With approval, Dr. Gooch quotes the opinion of a high official of the German Foreign Office who was also a member of a family famous in German history:

From her own point of view [wrote B. W. von Bülow], Serbia was right in pursuing her national aims. Austria was no less right in seeking to retain her possessions. It was the duty of Russia to fulfil her promises to Serbia. Germany was bound to try to prevent the forcible dissolution of her only trustworthy ally. France and England were compelled to honour their treaty obligations.

So detached, and even cold-blooded, a view of the inevitability of the struggle will not meet with acceptance in all quarters: nor is it probable that the same writer, writing before the war, would have explained the then European situation in so detached a manner. "Fully to comprehend the world war and its causes," writes Dr. Gooch, "we must endeavour to stand 'above the battle,' and to realize the truth of Hegel's profound aphorism, 'Tragedy is the conflict not of right with wrong, but of right with right.'" Yet to adopt too Olympian a detachment from mundane things is to lose a sense of perspective. Surveyed from such a height, the war may well have appeared as the inevitable consequence of the division of Europe into two armed camps; but seen from a closer standpoint it more nearly resembles an accidental explosion that might have been avoided by the exercise of greater prudence and self-control. As Dr. Gooch with truth observes: "No war, strictly speaking, is inevitable; but in a storehouse of high explosives it required rulers of exceptional foresight and self-control in every country to avoid a catastrophe."

Indeed, the lesson to be drawn from a careful reading of this very able book is that the war is "the condemnation not only of the performers who strutted for a brief hour across the stage, but above all of the international anarchy which they inherited and which they did little to abate." Dr. Gooch will have the gratitude of all students of the origins of the war for his invaluable book.

¶ Mr. L. P. Hartley, who has been away for some weeks, will shortly resume his articles on 'New Fiction' in these columns.

¶ The attention of competitors is again drawn to the fact that solutions which reach the SATURDAY REVIEW Office by a later post than that specified in the rules are automatically disqualified.

NEW FICTION

By T. EARLE WELBY

Portrait of Clare. By Francis Brett Young. Heinemann. 15s.

MR. BRETT YOUNG has now reached a stage of his career at which it is desirable to look back at his achievement and inquire whither he is travelling. He has written a dozen novels, two volumes of verse, a critical study of the work of Mr. Robert Bridges; he has enjoyed for some ten years the esteem of those who read fiction critically, with demands on it other than those of the ordinary patron of the circulating library; but he has not, so far as I know, arrived either at the point at which a novelist becomes the darling of a coterie or that other point at which the whole mob of readers clamours for a novelist's latest. In 'Portrait of Clare' he gives us a book which cannot be reviewed as simply another novel by an able writer. Its mere bulk is a challenge; the elaborate treatment of the subject is an invitation to serious criticism. Close on nine hundred pages are devoted to painting this portrait; a terminal note informs us that three years have been occupied with the writing of the book. Here, then, is the most ambitious piece of work Mr. Brett Young has undertaken, the work by which it must be decided whether he is destined to rank among the major novelists or not. For myself, I find it impossible to doubt Mr. Brett Young's claim to a place among the very few with whom rests the immediate future of English fiction. In this book, even more than in its predecessors, he shows himself to be at once choice and ample, capable of a fastidious discrimination and capable of largeness. It is not idle prolixity, it is richness that accounts for the abnormal length of this novel, and it is difficult to think of any page that could have been excised.

The fine intelligence with which Mr. Brett Young examines the relationships of his characters can hardly be exemplified by brief quotations, for it is in indicating the slow, subtle changes in such relationships that he excels. But take this passage, chosen almost at random from the earlier pages of the book:

She discovered that in spirit, at least, she had scarcely aged since the days of her first romance; that, through all the time between, her life had remained suspended in a kind of wintry trance from which it was now awakening. It seemed, indeed, as if the ageing of her body had been retarded beneath the same long hibernation; that it, too, had emerged from sleep into a similitude of youth. . . . She would wake in the mornings with a queer, fluttering elation; she would go about the work of the house with a restless benevolence. Nothing was too much trouble for her; she seemed to be mistress of her own life, to carry with her such abundance of gaiety, hope and vitality that she was able to shoulder other people's problems as well as her own.

But in truth such fragmentary quotation does Mr. Brett Young injustice. In all that part of the book, describing an elderly woman's rejuvenation, he secures a singularly delicate success by a series of careful touches, and when, much later on, he has to present the complications of a youthful love affair, he exhibits the same instinct for the revealing detail. But his book has an even rarer merit, in that the tone of his prose is everywhere what the subject requires it to be, so that, reading him, one is always rewarded by a feeling of harmony between substance and manner.

It is far from easy, with so long a book, to be sure that the passages which most impress the reader on a retrospect are not those which have been latest in perusal, but to me it seems that Mr. Brett Young is nowhere better than in his treatment of the scene in which Steven, her boy, questions Clare about her intimacy with Colonel Hart. Out of that tangle there comes a way, surprising and convincing, when Clare's husband shows her that a divorce can be secured which will not injure her reputation or

Hart's. The pains Mr. Brett Young has taken to prepare us for the ultimate situation have not been wasted; the issue is made plausible by the elaborate building up of characters that would act as he makes them act finally:

"How fortunate you are," he teased her, "to have a lawyer for a husband! No, no, my child; of course, you needn't do anything. There's no reason in the world why you or Hart should bear the blame—such as it is. Of course, I shan't divorce you. It's you who will divorce me. The only thing is," he ended ironically, "I think you'd better hurry up about it. Will you please pass me that paper and pencil?"

And he drafts a letter for her to write to him, arranges to reply to it refusing to cohabit with her, plans the evidence that will entitle her to a divorce.

The difficulties of the position in which Clare found herself when her son and her husband developed an extreme incompatibility are rendered by Mr. Brett Young with a painful truth to life. It is indeed in the value he gets out of the small clashes of temperament, in the manner in which he secures his cumulative effect, that Mr. Brett Young here proves himself an assured craftsman. There are some thirty pages in the middle of the book, dealing with the relationship of mother and son, which could hardly be bettered in sober, telling fidelity, no sentence seeming to be written with an ulterior purpose, each quietly contributing to the nicely calculated effect. But Mr. Brett Young is something besides the realist here eulogized. He has poetry in him; and though he does not indulge in lyrical outbursts, there are moments when we are made well aware that we are reading the work of a poet. To be able to work from such passages to the merciless paragraph in which we are shown Clare gazing at her husband and realizing how old he looks is to have a wider range than all but three or four novelists of to-day. But Mr. Brett Young has already, in the variety of themes in his previous novels, shown that he is interested in many sides of life, in many widely different types of character, and that he can adapt his style to every requirement. What he has done before from book to book, he now, in 'Portrait of Clare,' does in treating of a single subject. Here is the solid evidence of mastery for which many of his readers have been looking.

The book, to be sure, is not flawless. There are pages in which the narrative seems to move with a needless slowness, and the characterization is occasionally over-minute; but with such a book the first duty of the critic is to announce that a fine mind, sensitive, serious, occupied with the subtler and more significant transactions of humanity, has expressed itself in work on a large scale. The petty defects need not be catalogued; they are forgotten in the final impression of a success perhaps more considerable than that of any writer of Mr. Brett Young's generation.

With the exception of Mr. Galsworthy, there is no one now writing fiction who has produced in a single work so large and so vividly done a gallery of portraits. Take, for an example of how Mr. Brett Young can deal with a minor character, the sharply-etched portrait of Mrs. Marple, the housekeeper. The tyranny which the subservient can exercise over those who are theoretically in authority could hardly be presented with more ingenuity. Baudelaire said of Balzac that even his scullions had genius: it would be grossly extravagant to say as much of Mr. Brett Young, but certainly Mrs. Marple has an energy in frustration of her nominal mistress which is extraordinary and yet plausible. Her triumph, in the scene in which Clare, having independently rearranged the drawing-room, finds the room restored by Mrs. Marple to its original condition, is most effective, and the skill with which she is shown as embodying the spirit of the Dudley Wilburn house, of that routine-ridden establishment, excites admiration. But, in truth, Mr. Brett Young has given us so much to admire that it is impossible to do justice to him even at this length.

OTHER NOVELS

Children of the Fog. By Carmel Haden Guest. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

Human nature is a fairly stable quantity, and as Mr. Rudyard Kipling has shrewdly remarked:

The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins.

Mrs. Haden Guest in this novel is entirely concerned with that stratum of society which produces the Judy O'Grady of this world. The scene is laid in Southwark and many of the incidents take place in a foul and overcrowded tenement. The author makes no attempt to idealize her characters. She knows the vocabulary of the district, and she reproduces it faithfully. But the people of whom she writes are true to type—the pathetic Alice, the unspeakably repellent “great grandma,” Joan, the small, wistful child who wins our sympathy from the first and holds it throughout the story—each is endowed with life and, as one reads, it is very easy to forget that they are merely figures in a novel. Mrs. Guest writes with real sympathy, and with no little humour. The description of Alice's wedding party, for instance, is scarcely inferior to anything along that line in Dickens.

Morris in the Dance. By Ernest Raymond. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

This is a biographical novel, and a very good one. Fiction bereft of the factitious briefly sums up its virtues. Morris takes the leading part, which he shares with the Russian dancer whom he loves and marries; but all the people who surround him, particularly his female relations, are continuously present as influences in his life. We meet Morris first as a child. Physically weak, but with a precociously developed mind, he lives a lonely but not unhappy life under the guardianship of an aunt, a kindly but shiftless creature, one of those women after whom Providence has always got to be tidying up. When this nervous and undersized child goes to school he has a rough time of it; but although the author paints some vivid pictures of his sufferings, equally vivid examples of his pleasures are also given. Mr. Raymond never loses his sense of proportion, and this balance of mind has created the quietly efficient style in which he has written Morris's history.

Rogues and Vagabonds. By Compton Mackenzie. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

Nancy Q'Finn, the heroine of this novel, is an actress of the late Victorian era. Except for a glimpse of her father, we see nothing of her relations. Her husband's family, however, is treated in detail, and a history of his descent through several generations makes very good reading. There is an Italian woman who, in 1829, attracts crowds to see her firework displays in a Pimlico pleasure garden. She has a fiery-spirited daughter, Letizia, whom she marries off to her dour English manager. All Letizia's children are so like their father that she cannot tolerate them; but a grandchild reverts to Italian stock, and when he is persecuted for his high spirits she helps him to run away from home. This boy becomes a successful actor, meets and marries Nancy O'Finn, and lives happily with her until he is killed shortly after the birth of his first child. The last half of the book is devoted entirely to the story of Nancy, and her struggles to keep herself and her daughter from starvation.

The Drums of Aulone. By Robert W. Chambers. Appleton. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Robert W. Chambers has already published sixty-four books: he probably knows better than

anyone else exactly what will please his readers. ‘The Drums of Aulone’ is what is known as “a romantic tale redolent with the flavour of history.” The period is that of Louis XIV. The leading figure is the daring young daughter of a French aristocrat, Count d'Aulone. The background is always changing, for the young lady's adventures are numerous, and manage to be thrilling without being anything but strictly respectable. At times she is at her château, at times she is at the courts of Versailles or of Whitehall; nor does she disdain to visit Quebec, Dover, Calais and Dieppe, besides innumerable prisons and convents. She has, of course, a faithful retainer, and she does not forget to marry a handsome Englishman at the end. Madame de Maintenon passes vaguely by, and so does James II. Both James and Louis behave so badly to Mademoiselle d'Aulone that she loses faith in the honour of kings and princes, and she announces her distrust on several occasions with a fervour which will be appreciated by all young Americans.

SHORTER NOTICES

Across Arctic America. By Knud Rasmussen. Illustrated. Putnam. 21s.

THE Arctic regions hitherto have been only partly known; this account of the fifth Thule Expedition across Arctic America throws a flood of new light on these frozen regions. Knud Rasmussen, who led it, was born in Greenland. His father was a missionary among the Eskimos, and his mother had Eskimo blood in her veins; he spoke the Eskimo language as his native tongue. As he himself says: “The Eskimo is the hero of this book. His history, his present culture, his daily hardships, and his spiritual life constitute the theme.” The very names of these people seem to mark the contrast between them and the rest of mankind. The book is illustrated with numerous and excellent photographs, both of people and places. It is strange to find that icicles can give a pleasing look of benevolence to a bearded man. The Eskimos are firm believers in spirits. Those who act as intermediaries between the spirits and the people they called wizards. “One was a woman who was filled with magic power all in a moment. A ball of fire came down from the sky and struck her senseless, but when she came to herself the spirit of light was within her. And all her power was used to help her fellow-men.”

As one can understand, people so greatly at the mercy of the elements, whose harvest fields are, so to speak, the ice-floes and ocean currents, must often discern the handiwork of the supernatural in their daily life. The Eskimos are a poetic people; many examples of their simple lays are given. Knud Rasmussen has written a fascinating book of travel.

Handbook to the English Renaissance Drama. By Agnes M. Mackenzie. Cape. 5s.

THE Elizabethan theatre has been sounded, inspected, mined, and exploited with such thoroughness that only a first-class engineer can hope to tap new wealth. Restatement, however, can go on, and Miss Mackenzie has the justification of being an enthusiast and a playgoer. Her handbook does not place the subject in a syllabus of English literature and leave it remotely high and intolerably dry. It is aimed at the increasing number of people who not only like seeing the old plays acted but are eager, in their amateur groups, to act them for themselves. Accordingly, the historical survey never overlooks the stage and its conditioning effect on the written word, and amateurs who use this book will obtain a just summary of the Renaissance achievement in the English theatre, and some useful hints as to unfamiliar pieces with which familiarity should breed content. The guidance to producers and players is sound. Miss Mackenzie is unnecessarily contemptuous about “plain clothes” Shakespeare, but she takes the right line about decoration on the whole, and her book will be of use to the amateur club which wants to move in this direction for its next productions.

England Over. By Dudley Carew. Secker. 5s.

THE nine chapters of this little book are reports of nine cricket matches played last year by county and public school elevens. These reports are linked together by the interesting personality of the spectator who has written them. His identity is politely disguised by Mr. Carew with the prefatory remark that “The ‘I’ in this book is the ‘I’ of the novelist, not the ‘I’ of the letter or the autobiography.” “I” is then briefly described. He is a rich man who, like Wilde's policeman in the National Gallery, who was bored by the absence of crime,

wants something to distract his mind. He is young enough to have fought in the European War, and while he was a soldier he met, to use his own words, "the less fortunate products of what we call our democracy." After his return to civil life he began to grow an unreasonable and very violent hatred of the less imaginative members of his own class; and in May, 1926, his attitude towards luxurious security became so morbidly acute that he was convinced that his health would give way if he did not do something desperate. The conventional idea of a trip abroad appalled him, so he decided to spend a summer watching first-class cricket matches at various places. This book is the result of his holiday. It is, of course, written primarily for those who are keenly interested in cricket; but much of it could be read with enjoyment by one who could not distinguish between a ball and a bat, or the slips from square leg—if such a troglodyte exists in England. For this anonymous spectator has an observant eye for the men and women he encounters in the crowd, and a keen appreciation for the beauty of towns and country. He pens sketches of people and of places with a surety of touch denied to many novelists. His criticism of the games he watched is expert, and he himself assures us that it is.

Capital Punishment in the Twentieth Century. By E. Roy Calvert. Putnam. 5s.

IN this small volume Mr. Calvert has marshalled with admirable clarity and thoroughness all the more popular arguments against capital punishment. The majority of murders are committed in passion, with no thought of possible consequences, while the calculating murderer invariably is confident of escaping detection; in actual fact, only one person is executed for every eight murders, and the deterrent effect is almost negligible. In the past the abolition of the death penalty for smaller crimes has not led to an increase in the number of offenders; neither has murder become more frequent in those countries which have abolished capital punishment. The carrying out of the execution brings considerable sufferings to prison and other officials, and the Press publicity, while inflicting pain upon innocent persons, inclines to cast a false glamour over both the murderer and his crime. Again, men have been wrongly convicted, and one cannot compensate a corpse. There are questions to be considered, too, of the responsibility of the murderer, the possible effect upon the jurymen, the ethics of capital punishment, and the alternatives. Individual points may possibly be disputed, even set aside, but Mr. Calvert's case as a whole is strong. Doubtless there is much to be said upon the other side, but modern opinion shifts naturally and inevitably towards abolition at least of the present crudely, melodramatic system of trial and execution.

Wit and Wisdom of Dean Inge. Selected and arranged by Sir James Marchant. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

IT was remarked the other day, by a not unfriendly critic, that whatever else may be said of the particular school of churchmanship to which Dean Inge belongs there can be no denying that it has produced nearly all the clerical wits. Yet it is as a philosopher and a theologian, rather than as a journalist or a wit, that the Dean of St. Paul's appears in Sir James Marchant's selection from his writing. "I am no optimist," observes the Dean, and there is more than a hint of the traditional gloom in such sayings as "The possibility of another dark age is not remote," "There is some danger that another eclipse of culture may come upon us," or "I have, I suppose, made it clear that I do not consider myself specially fortunate in having been born in 1860, and that I look forward with great anxiety to the journey through life which my children will have to make." All these quotations are from 'Outspoken Essays,' which, with 'Lay Thoughts,' supplies the greater part of Sir James Marchant's selections. But the book contains many beautiful, and moving and hopeful sayings too. It is fairly representative of the author's wisdom, if not quite of his wit, and the Dean himself, in a neat introduction, has given it his blessing.

Unknown Dorset. By Donald Maxwell. The Bodley Head. 15s.

MR. MAXWELL is happier in his county this time than he has always been in the past. Not until his final chapter does he come to the (in literature, if not in life) over-explored "Hardy Country," and when he does so he is kind to the forgetful in appending a list of the real names of places side by side with the Wessex names used by Mr. Hardy. Apart from the fact that he is apt to let his pen run away with him, Mr. Maxwell has written a very pleasant account of lesser known and out-of-the-way parts of Dorset. Cranborne Chase, Kimmeridge and Smedmore, Winterbourne Abbas and Wimborne are charmingly pictured, and his descriptions of the coast are lively and entertaining. One irritating habit he might have spared his readers: he continually (and unnecessarily, since captions are in every case appended) refers to illustrations as being on such and such a page. When the specified illustration does in fact appear on the page named, there is not so much cause for complaint, but when, as on page 64, he says, "I have made two sketches of the great house of Smedmore, one (facing page 24) . . ." and on turning to page 24 the reader finds a tiny tailpiece portraying five small boats, his exasperation is justified. The illustrations are numerous and good, particularly the pen and ink sketches.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

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LETTERS FROM THE MARCHIONESS DE SEVIGNE TO HER DAUGHTER THE COUNTESS DE GRIGNAN. Spurr and Swift. 10 volumes. £5 5s.

This pleasantly-produced edition has an Introduction by Madame Duclaux, and so far as can be judged by brief examination the translation is meritorious.

GAUTIER AND THE FRENCH ROMANTICS. By John Garber Palache. Cape. 10s. 6d.

An anecdotal work, containing, however, a good deal of criticism. Most of the best authorities have apparently been drawn upon fully, but Mr. Palache also cites writers who have little claim either as contemporary observers or as critics.

THE RELIGION OF AN OPTIMIST. By Hamilton Fyfe. Parsons. 10s. 6d.

THE VERDICT OF BRIDLEGOOSE. By Llewelyn Powys. Cape. 9s.

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TECUMSEH, A DRAMA, ETC., ETC. By Charles Mair. Volume XIV of MASTER-WORKS OF CANADIAN AUTHORS. Edited by John W. Garvin. Toronto: The Radisson Society of Canada.

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The illustrations, by Mr. Gyrth Russell, include several in colour and many in the text. Foolscap quarto is a rather awkward size for the reader, however convenient for the reproduction of the drawings.

SILVER CITIES OF YUCATAN. By Gregory Mason. Putnam. 15s.

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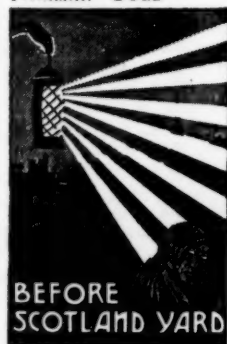
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For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set, presented by the publisher.

RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name appears on the list printed on the Competition Coupon.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Award of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.

To avoid the same book being chosen twice, books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' (which, in many instances, are reviewed at length in a subsequent issue of the paper) are not eligible as prizes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 270

(Last of the Nineteenth Quarter)

NOTES ISSUE FROM THE ONE, AND FLOW INTO THE OTHER;
BUT THINK NOT THEY'RE RELATED AS BROTHER UNTO BROTHER.
ONE IN THE PARLOUR LURKS, ONE ON THE COUNTER LINGERS,
AND BOTH ARE OFTEN TOUCHED BY AGILE FEMALE FINGERS.

1. All on the square, wherein it suits us well.
2. From these we spring, as men of learning tell.
3. This without let or hindrance you may use.
4. Light, not unmixed with smoke, it will diffuse.
5. Makes o'er his goods—a portent in him see!
6. I rather think they'll put one over me.
7. From this we spring,—I told you so just now.
8. Hairs, but not such as clothe our friend the cow.
9. Two is the limit—none may have a third.
10. I spy an English river in this word;
11. Or, if you choose, you're free to spell it so.
12. A tree that's wild in lands where olives grow.

Solution of Acrostic No. 268

W	ret	Ch	1	The Dragon-flies, etc. They are bold,
potA	t	O	2	rapacious and sanguinary, perpetually
T	unne	L	3	chasing and devouring other insects.
L	ondon-prid	E	4	A fossil animal the size of an ox,
I	ndecoru	M	5	covered with bony plates.
N	euopter	A	6	A well-known example of alliteration.
G	lyptodo	N	7	"A cat may look at a king," the
S	isyphu	S	8	proverb says.
T	om-ca	T	9	"Thou shalt not abhor an Edomite;
R	eady-reckone	R	10	for he is thy brother."—Deut. xxiii. 7.
E	mancipat	E		
E	domit	E		
T	haumaturgis	T		

ACROSTIC No. 268.—The winner is Mrs. Sparrow, The Orchards, Compton, Wolverhampton, who has selected as her prize 'Napoleon,' by Emil Ludwig, published by Allen and Unwin, and reviewed in our columns on May 7. Twenty-one other competitors named this book.

ALSO CORRECT.—Armada, Baldersby, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, Carlton, Dhualt, Dolmar, Cyril E. Ford, Gay, Lilian, N. O. Sellam, Peter, Sisyphus, Trike.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. J. Butler, Boskerris, Ruth Carrick, East Sheen, Farsdon, Hanworth, Jop, Martha, Oakapple, St. Ives, Tyro, Yendu, Yewden.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—J. Chambers, Jerboa, John Lennie, Madge, Lady Mottram. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 267.—Correct: A. de V. Blathwayt. One Light Wrong: Mrs. J. Butler.

OAKAPPLE.—Stow says that Coleman Street is named after its builder.

ACROSTIC No. 266.—Correct: A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Carlton, Chip, J. R. Cripps, Dhualt, Margaret, Oakapple, C. J. Warden. One Light Wrong: Dolmar. Two wrong: Hanworth.

OUR NINETEENTH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—After the Eleventh Round the leaders are:—Margaret; A. de V. Blathwayt, C. E. Ford; N. O. Sellam, Sisyphus, Yendu; Armada, East Sheen, Lilian, Peter; Madge, Martha; Boskerris.

MURRAY'S



Mr. Mellow explains why Murray's is Mellow:

"Murray's is made Mellow"

"When in 1850 Murray first blended his Mellow Mixture, he made quite sure that it was mellow."

"He selected more than thirty different leaves—each one chosen for its mellow qualities—then cured, matured, and skilfully blended them into one mellow harmonious whole."

"And that is exactly how Murray's is made to-day."

"No wonder it is mellow!"

— and a
MURRAY'S
Cigarette
too!

Murray's have discovered an entirely new method of blending Virginia Tobaccos. The result is —the different cigarette—exclusive in flavour; smooth, mellow. It's a real quality cigarette at a popular price. Just you try it!

Murray's
POLO
Pure Virginia
Cigarettes
10 for 6d
20 for 11d
Plain or Cork-Tipped

The Ideal
Pipe
Tobacco
Sold in
Three
Strengths

1/6 1d
PER OZ.



MELLOW

RCM MELLOW



Pages from the Diary of an Austin Owner

ARGUMENT running high at the Club last night over relative merits of various members' cars, particularly in point of "m.p.g." Everybody cracking up his own 'bus; everybody else making sounds of obvious unbelief. Eventually decided on an actual test, which we carried out this afternoon. Four started, all of nominal 12 h.p., with one passenger each and a pre-arranged average speed of 25 m.p.h. My trusty Austin, as I anticipated, gave me a comfortable 30 to the gallon—a couple of miles better than the next. Argument now silenced—and envy, I imagine, reigns in its stead!



Page Twelve

AUSTIN TWENTY Models	-	from £450
AUSTIN TWELVE	-	from £275
AUSTIN SEVEN	-	from £145
		at Works

Austin

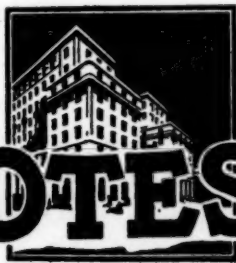
THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., LTD.
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Models from £145 to £650

Payments from under £4 per month.
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MOTORING

WAYSIDE AMENITIES

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER

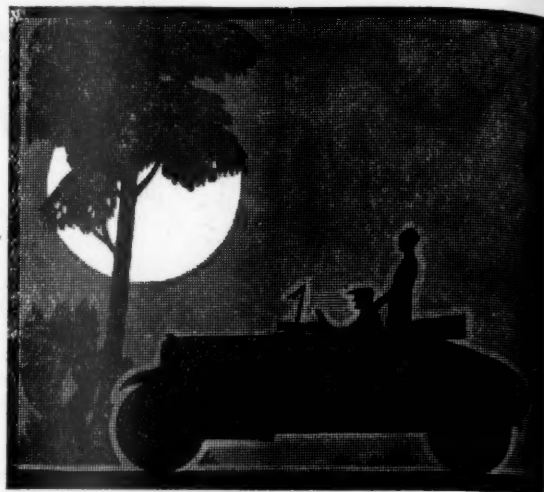
IN view of the recent outbreaks of fires on commons and other places used by motorists for roadside halts and picnics, the Automobile Association urges motorists visiting such places to take all possible precautions against fires by not dropping lighted matches, failing to extinguish fires on which they boil their kettles, or leave bottles or other glass about which is likely to act as a "burning glass" for the rays of the sun. The Forestry Commissioners, in drawing the attention of the Association and its three hundred and fifty thousand members to this matter, also point out that when picking wild flowers, young forest trees are frequently pulled or broken. As these have been planted at considerable expense, it is understandable that the Commissioners should protest. It is extraordinary that year after year, at this season, writers on automobile topics have to voice the complaints of various authorities against the complete disregard of wayside amenities by the motoring public. It is quite true that this period of the year sees a great addition to the ranks of motorists; but at the same time most of these newcomers have ridden motor cycles and attended picnics long before they owned motor cars.

* *

Recently there has been a considerable outcry against unsightly petrol pumps and filling stations which disturb the beauties of the countryside. Last week the subject was mentioned by the Minister of Transport in his speech at the House of Commons. There is some justification for these complaints, which have been directed chiefly against fuel pumps of startling hues. For some time past the question of toning down the appearance of the red B.P. pumps erected all over the country by the British Petroleum Company, Ltd., the distributing organization of the Anglo-Persian Oil Co., has been discussed. Perhaps, as the Government is a shareholder in this concern, the words of the Minister have had effect, for it is understood that this firm's contribution to preserving the amenities of the wayside is their decision to repaint their pumps a pleasing shade of green, in order that they may harmonize better with rural surroundings.

* *

While we do not suffer so much from having our cars stolen as people do in America, the suggestion of an ex-inspector of the Metropolitan Police may add somewhat to the excitement of motor touring, especially in country places. His idea for dealing with motor bandits is to provide all police stations with pails containing whitewash, hung handy on the wall, and beside them two or three syringes of the well-known window-cleaning type so often seen in our country villages. When information is received that a "wanted" car is likely to pass, the constables are to stand on each side of the road about three yards apart and have the whitewash and syringe ready to spray the wanted car, and its occupants, as much as possible. Thus the car would be exposed to the ordinary police on the road, and to the public, and could be identified even when mixing with ordinary traffic. It will be rather interesting to see how such a method works in practice; as so many cars to-day are painted a uniform colour there is a possibility of the wrong car being whitewashed. But cars that will not stop will soon be brought to a halt if the drivers are in fear of an involuntary bath of this character.



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than this 11 h.p. Two-Seater
£160**

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4-Seater - £172 10

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"Royal" 2-Seater

£195 0

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Saloon - £210 0

12/28 H.P. Models

2-Seater - £215 0

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*All Models fitted with
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will, upon applica-
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Dealer.

There is no better car value than this Clyno two-seater that reproduces all those sound characteristics that have given Clyno Cars such phenomenal success in the short period of four years. Designed for the owner driver and built by expert engineers, from the finest materials, it has proved entirely equal to constant hard use at a minimum maintenance cost.

The roomy, well-upholstered body with ample leg room has two wide doors with pockets and inside door handles, a large sunk fully upholstered double dickey seat, perfect all weather equipment and a surprising range of accessories. Despite its amazingly low price, this model maintains the remarkably light steering, superb suspension, easy right-hand gear change and thoroughly efficient four wheel brakes, that have made Clyno Cars famous throughout the world.

**CLYNO
CARS**

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**SEE THE
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in your district**

**THE CLYNO ENGINEERING CO. (1922) LTD.
WOLVERHAMPTON.**

C.C.38



In fairness to yourself—see this car

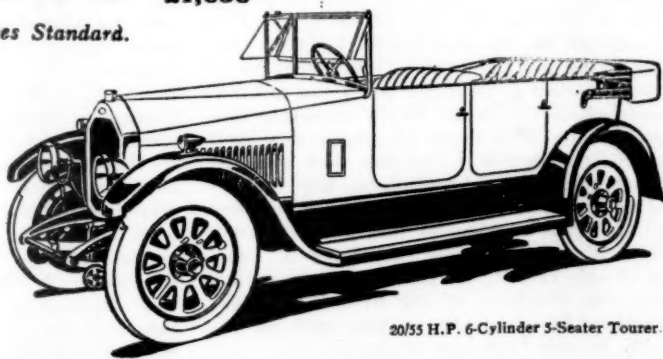
POWER, luxurious appointment, and ample accommodation—all these combine to make a Humber 20/55 H.P. "Six" a car worth the most careful examination. Humber Quality—that attention to small constructional details and refinement of finish, which have earned for Humber productions their world-wide reputation, will convince you that this must be *your* car.

9/20 H.P. 2/3-Seater with Dickey Seat	£267 7
9/20 H.P. 4-Seater Tourer	- £267 7
9/20 H.P. 4-Seater Saloon	- £322 7
15/40 H.P. 5-Seater Tourer	- £620
15/40 H.P. 5-Seater Saloon	- £835
15/40 H.P. 5-Seater Landaulette	- £835
20/55 H.P. 6-Cylinder 5-Seater Tourer	£725
20/55 H.P. 6-Cylinder 5/7-Seater Saloon and Landaulette	- £940
20/55 H.P. 6-Cylinder 5/7-Seater Saloon Limousine on long wheel-base chassis	- £1,050

Dunlop Tyres Standard.

**FRONT WHEEL
BRAKES** are now
Standard fitting on
all 9/20 H. P. Cars.
Models are avail-
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20/55 H.P. 6-Cylinder 5-Seater Tourer.

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Exhibit
strict

2) LTD.

C.C.38

CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

MARKETS this week have inclined to dullness, as a result of the panic that has recently raged on the German *Bourse*. It must not be surmised from this that investors in this country have lost money in German securities. The rise in prices in Germany had obviously lasted much too long, with the result that the majority of German industrial shares were standing at a greatly over-valued level. This fact had been appreciated over here by the majority of those who had interested themselves in German securities some months ago, with the result that the majority of British holders had sold before the crash. The climax, which was caused by the withdrawal of financial facilities for speculative transactions by the German banks, has caused selling on the London market by German and French holders, French operators not having been so far-seeing as those in this country.

FRENCH WAR BONDS

From the point of view of the City the visit of the President of the French Republic has been opportunely timed, because the franc and French securities are once more regaining their popularity with investors, a popularity which the vagaries of the franc during the last two or three years have very seriously jeopardized. Reference was made in these notes last week to the demand which has sprung up for the various French dollar bonds dealt in in New York. Either by accident or intent the Committee of British holders of French War Bonds have this week issued a circular. The contention of this Committee is that those who subscribed to French War Bonds are entitled to redress to-day, because the franc has depreciated from its war-time level and, therefore, the value of their dividends in sterling has steadily depreciated. The circular above referred to contains extracts from letters received from bondholders, and their reading shows what serious hardships have been suffered. At the same time, after carefully reviewing the case, I wonder whether these unfortunate investors are in a different category from those who purchase stock only to find their hopes are not realized. While there may be a small majority of investors who purchased these bonds for purely patriotic reasons to assist an ally, I think that a large majority chose this medium for investment because either the yield or the purchase price compared favourably with other securities in this country. Naturally, the organization of a Committee of this nature requires money. Presumably there are heavy salaries to be paid and printing bills to be met, and with the circular is an appeal for bondholders to send 1s. per £100 nominal of these bonds which they hold. While repeating that I sympathize greatly with those who have lost their money over this transaction, I feel that they will only be losing more money by subscribing to this fund as there would appear little probability of the Committee meeting with success in view of the fact that from the cold financial point of view they have no case. The issuing of this circular on the day of the arrival of our guest, the President of the French Republic, was not merely inopportune, it was not in accordance with British traditions of hospitality.

PROFITS FROM FIRE-ENGINES

Dennis Brothers is a very well-known name in the world of commercial motor-vehicles and fire-engines,

the company's prestige in regard to the latter ranking very high. Profits from the manufacture of fire-engines must represent a big item in Dennis Brothers' accounts, as these machines are a high-grade speciality, naturally fetching a substantial figure. For the three years to 1922-1923 10%, plus bonus of 3%, was paid in each year; for 1922-1923, 10% and bonus of 8%, and for the two years to 1925-26, 25% per annum. The company controls White and Poppe, which investment appears in the balance-sheet at a figure clearly far below the intrinsic value. The capital till recently was £500,825, a return of 10s. per £1 share being made to fortunate shareholders. The intention is to increase the ordinary capital to its original form at an early future date. The last accounts showed reserves at £225,000 with investments in British Government securities at £300,000, so that the company was well able to afford the luxury of a 50% return of capital. The present price of the shares, ex the 10s. return of capital, is about £6, and in view of the character of the business it should not be long before at least a part of the reduction is made good in the price.

BOOTS PURE DRUG COMPANY

The well-known chain of druggists' stores, Boots Pure Drug Company, with 777 shops in all our leading towns, is controlled by the big American concern, United Drug Company, and I note from American papers that the controlling company is expecting the British business to enjoy a big year. The upward trend of Boots Pure Drug profits is exceptionally well marked in that each year since 1914 has shown an improvement on the year preceding—a record it would be hard to beat—the rise being from £94,043 to £688,472. The relative amounts available for the ordinary shares and reserves were £32,324 and £591,722. In January, 1926, 500,000 Ordinary shares were offered to shareholders as a bonus of 50%. The rate of dividend for the past three years has been 36%, in respect of the current year 6% interim has been paid against a previous 9%. The authorized and issued share capital is £2,900,000, of which £1,500,000 are in £1 ordinary shares. The shares, in view of the fine past history and the character of the business, are considered a sound investment.

THOMAS TILLING

One of the best-known omnibus undertakings, after the L.G.O. Company, is Thomas Tillings, Limited. Actually the Company works in amicable understanding with its great competitor, and rumour has in the past forecasted the ultimate absorption of the Company by the L.G.O. Tillings has interests in the Brighton, Hove and Preston United Omnibus Company, East Kent Road Car Company, and Eastern Road Car Company. The 1926 profits, after payment of debenture interest, was the best in the history of the concern at £180,613, 15% being paid on an ordinary issued capital of £527,350. In 1925, 15% was distributed on 308,848 ordinary shares, together with a tax-free bonus of 6s. 8d. per share, and a share bonus distribution of 66½%. It is obvious that at about 3½ the market expects something better than the 15% paid last year, and there is little doubt but that the share has very considerable potentialities even on the recent improvement in price. These shares have frequently been recommended in these notes in the past, and attention is again drawn to them.

TAURUS

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE
INSURANCE Co., Ltd. Total Funds Exceed £33,875,000. Total Income Exceeds £10,052,000
 London: 61 Threadneedle Street, E.C. 2 Edinburgh: 64 Princes Street

HISTORICAL INCIDENTS.

The Sailing of the "Mayflower"

THE "Mayflower" was the ship that took the Puritan Fathers, one hundred and two in number, to America. They left England because they were denied freedom in religious matters. After a short stay in Holland they sailed for America, where they founded a colony at New Plymouth in 1621.

It is not to be thought they would have ventured on a perilous voyage to unexplored lands for their own sakes alone; they were thinking, too, of their children, whom they hoped to see grow up in a land that was free.

To plan for his children's future is the privilege of every decent-thinking parent. The most essential thing of all is that the child gets as good an education as economy and forethought can provide. An ideal way of ensuring this education is a

PUBLIC SCHOOLS POLICY with
THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

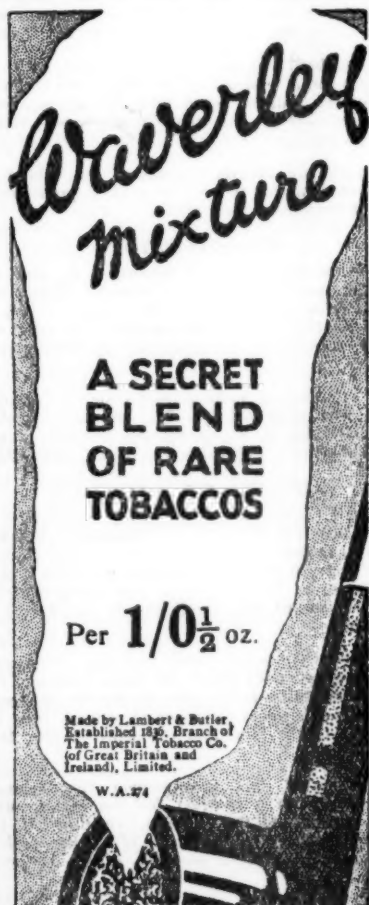
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A COPY OF THIS PROSPECTUS HAS BEEN FILED WITH
THE REGISTRAR OF JOINT STOCK COMPANIES.

Application will be made to the Committee of the London Stock Exchange for these new shares to be included with those already quoted in the official list.

The List of Applications will open on Thursday, May 19th, and close on or before Monday, May 23rd, 1927.

The Spies Petroleum Company, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1898.)

CAPITAL

Authorised :	15,000,000	shares of 2s. each	-	£1,500,000	0	0	
Issued :	7,131,802	"	"	£	713,180	4	0
Unissued :	7,868,198	"	"	£	786,819	16	0
	<u>15,000,000</u>				<u>£1,500,000</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>

Issue of 2,500,000 Shares of 2s. each at par

Payable: 6d. per Share on Application; 6d. Per Share on Allotment; 1s. per Share One Month after Allotment

Subscriptions will be received on behalf of the Company by its Bankers:—

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED, 21, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3

or Head Office: 41, Lothbury, London, E.C.2, and Branches.

Directors:

G. GRINNELL-MILNE, 8, Princes Street, London, E.C.2,
Chairman, Director Yorkshire Insurance Company, Limited.
W. E. HARLEY FIRMAN, 120, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2,
Director Hamilton's Oil Concessions (Roumania), Limited.
STUART HOGG, "Roxford," Hertingfordbury, Hertford,
Director Van Ryn Gold Mines Estate, Limited.
SIDNEY H. RUSSELL, 29, Great St. Helen's, London, E.C.3,
Director Chosen Syndicate, Limited.
THE HON. LIONEL HOLLAND, 14, Buckingham Street,
London, W.C.2, Chairman, British Burmah Petroleum
Company, Limited.

Agents in Paris:

CREDIT MOBILIER FRANCAIS, 30 and 32, Rue Taitbout,
Paris.

Solicitors:

For the Company: BISCHOFF, COXE, BISCHOFF &
THOMPSON, 4, Great Winchester
Street, E.C.2.

For The
Beecham Trust, Ltd. SPEECHLY, MUMFORD & CRAIG,
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W.CS.2.

Brokers:

LONDON: WOOD, DUNKLEY & CO.,
Salisbury House, E.C.2.
T. GORDON HENSLEY & CO.,
20, Copthall Avenue, E.C.2. And
LIVERPOOL: W. H. DICKINSON & CO., 6, The
Temple. Stock
DUBLIN: DUDGEON & SONS, 113, Grafton
Street. Exchanges.

Auditors:

DELOITTE, PLENDER, GRIFFITHS & CO., 5, London
Wall Buildings, London, E.C.2.

Secretary and Registered Office:

F. ROBERTSON, 62, London Wall, London, E.C.2.

PROSPECTUS.

The Company was formed in December, 1900, and for many years successfully worked oilfields situated in Grozny, South Russia.

The total production of oil obtained from the date of the formation of the Company up to the 31st December, 1919, amounted to over 3,430,000 tons.

During the period 1906-1914 the Company paid in dividends a total of 13s. per share, most of which was free of Income Tax. The shares were then of 10s. denomination and commanded a substantial premium in the market.

RUSSIAN NATIONALISATION.

The Spies Company's properties, in common with those of all other companies operating in Russia, have been nationalised by the Soviet Government without payment of any compensation.

A claim has been lodged by the Company with the British Foreign Office for a total of £3,401,666. This claim was based upon the audited Balance Sheet of the Company for the year 1916, and represented the then replacement value of the Company's possessions.

The Directors are actively pursuing this claim with the Russian Government for the return of their properties or, alternatively, a settlement of their claim.

REORGANISATION.

In view of the loss of these properties it was decided in January, 1926, to reorganise the Company. Under the scheme each 10s. share was divided into five shares of 2s. each, one share being retained by the shareholder and the other four shares being surrendered to the Company for the purposes of the scheme.

The total amount of cash provided by the scheme of reorganisation was £291,093 15s. 0d., and after discharging all ascertained liabilities the Company was left with a net amount of cash available for its operations of about £169,000.

RENEWAL OF ACTIVITIES.

With the new Capital provided, the Directors, after the fullest investigation, acquired an interest in **Hamilton's Oil Concessions (Roumania), Limited**. This Company controls a total area of about 1,760 acres of well-situated land in Roumania, of which one area, situate at Gura Ocnitei and comprising about 64 acres, has been proved over practically its whole area to be rich oil-bearing land.

The Hamilton Company entered into an arrangement with the Spies Company under which the Spies Company has agreed to advance £100,000 on Debentures bearing 10 per cent. interest, with the right to the Spies Company to convert these Debentures into 2s. shares of the Hamilton Company at par, less 6d. per share commission.

In consideration of this arrangement the Spies Company obtained the right to a contract for the management of the Hamilton Company and the oilfields, entitling it to priority rights in the matter of subscription of further capital for the Hamilton Company and to 5 per cent. of the net profits of the oilfields.

Therefore, the Spies Company, while enjoying security for the money advanced through its Debentures, is in a position materially to benefit by the successful development of these Roumanian properties.

Under the arrangement, the Spies Company took over the management of the Oilfields, and put in charge Mr. E. K. Wallen, who was responsible for the exceptionally successful development of the North Caucasian Oilfields Company's properties under the control of the Royal Dutch-Shell Group.

ROUMANIAN DEVELOPMENTS.

Mr. Wallen arrived on the Oilfields on the 3rd January, 1927, and under his guidance developments are proceeding energetically, as will be seen from the following progress report:—

"Apart from the old wells producing and being repaired, the following new developments are now taking place:—

New Well.	Started.	Present depth.	Oil expected at
No. 9 ...	Feb. 10 ...	970 metres ...	About 1,050 metres.
No. 10 ...	May 10 ...	237 " " "	" " "
No. 11 ...	Erecting rig.		
No. 12 ...	Doing earthworks at location."		

One of the old wells repaired under the present management has since produced over 4,900 tons of oil, and continues to flow, thus bringing the total production from this well to over 16,650 tons.

It is estimated that a production of about 130 tons per week covers all running expenses in Roumania.

The average production since 1st January, 1927, has been approximately 360 tons per week.

The Company, which is already working on a commercial basis, has the assurance that the field management are confident that a large increase in production can be expected by June, 1927, and that this will be added to as the further new wells are brought in. The Company can therefore reasonably expect a large increase in Revenue.

A well recently brought in from the same stratum on a neighbouring property some 200 metres away gave an initial output of over 400 tons per day.

TRINIDAD PROPERTIES.

The Spies Company also owns a two-thirds interest in approximately 831 acres of freehold reputed oil-bearing land in the Island of Trinidad, B.W.I. These properties were acquired on the advice of Messrs. A. Beeby, Thompson and Partners, whose representative selected them after carrying out a careful geological survey on the spot. These properties are situated as follows:—

(1) Glance Pitch Lands, Montserrat District	... 77 acres.
(2) San Francique, Fyzabad "	" 82 "
(3) Mayaro Estate, River Ortoire "	" 672 "

making a total of 831 acres.

In view of the revival of interest in Trinidad as a large oil producing country, the Directors intend to organise a staff to investigate the position further in view of recent developments.

FUTURE DEVELOPMENTS.

The Directors intend to follow up the policy initiated by them in connection with the Roumanian property by acquiring other interests, to the end that the Spies Company should extend the scope of its operations as a holding and producing Company with a widely distributed list of oil and other investments. Moreover, in view of its well-established position and the experts and staff it commands, propositions are from time to time made to it, having for their object the taking by the Spies Company of Management Contracts and the rendering of technical assistance to other companies owning properties.

The Directors decided to acquire out of the proceeds of the present issue Preferred Shares in British Controlled Oilfields, Limited, by purchase in the market as and when favourable opportunity occurred, and in pursuance of this policy immediately commenced purchasing.

A proposal is also under consideration by the Board relating to an extensive oil concession in Bolivia.

SUMMARY OF ASSETS.

1. A Claim for £3,401,666 against the Soviet Government.
2. An Interest in 831 acres of Oil-bearing land in Trinidad.
3. The contract for the management of Hamilton's Oil Concessions (Roumania) Limited and the oilfields, together with the share of profits above referred to and options on shares.
4. Cash and Investments, including the investment in Hamilton's Oil Concessions (Roumania) Limited, amounting to approximately £140,000.
5. £250,000 Cash, less expenses, from present offer.

The undermentioned Contracts have been entered into by the Company, besides those in the ordinary course of its business:—

14th December, 1925, between the Company and the Rock Investment Company Limited in connection with the scheme approved by the Court on the reorganization of the Company's capital.

6th December, 1926, between the Company and Hamilton's Oil Concessions (Roumania) Limited.

17th May, 1927, between the Company and The Beecham Trust, Limited, of 218 Strand, London, W.C., for the underwriting of the present issue at a commission of one penny per share and an over-riding commission of one farthing per share.

Copies of these Contracts may be inspected during ordinary business hours at the offices of the Company's Solicitors, Messrs. Bischoff, Cox, Bischoff & Thompson, 4 Great Winchester Street, London, E.C., at any time while the list remains open.

The expenses of the present issue, excluding the above commission, are estimated not to exceed £15,000, and will be paid by the Company.

Application for shares should be made on the accompanying Form and forwarded, together with the amount payable on application, to Westminster Bank Limited, 21, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3, or Head Office: 41, Lothbury, London, E.C.2, or Branches.

If no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned in full, and if the number of shares allotted is less than that applied for, the balance of such deposit will be applied in payment of the allotment moneys, and any surplus will be returned to the Applicant. Failure to pay any instalment when due will render the previous payments liable to forfeiture and the allotment to be cancelled.

A brokerage of $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per share will be paid on all shares allotted to the public on applications made on forms bearing the stamp of a Broker or other recognised Agent.

Copies of this Prospectus and Application Forms can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and also from the Company's Bankers and Brokers.

18th May, 1927.

No.

The Spies Petroleum Company, LIMITED.

ISSUE OF

2,500,000 Shares of 2s. each at par

APPLICATION.

To the Directors of

THE SPIES PETROLEUM COMPANY, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,

Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £..... being a deposit of 6d. per Share on application for Shares of 2s. each in the above Company, I request that you will allot to me that number of Shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same, or any less number that may be allotted to me, upon the terms of the Prospectus as filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies and the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and I undertake to pay the balance as provided by the said Prospectus and authorise you to register me as the holder of the Shares.

PLEASE
WRITE
DISTINCTLY.

Usual Signature

Name (in full)

(Please state if Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address

Occupation

Dated May, 1927.

This form should be filled up and sent with remittance to Westminster Bank Limited, 21, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3, or Head Office, 41, Lothbury, London, E.C.2, or Branches.

Cheques should be drawn to Bearer and crossed Westminster Bank Limited. Any alteration from "Order" to "Bearer" must be signed by the Drawer.

No Receipt will be issued for payment on application, but an acknowledgment will be forwarded in due course, either by letter of allotment or by return of deposit.



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The wealthy Investor has long known how to make the most of his money by placing it in an Investment Trust.

Those with small savings have now the same opportunity with added advantages as well.

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Beerbohm (Max). Limited ed. 12 vols. 1922. £12 12s.
Byron (Lord). 17 vols. Fine set. 1847. £3 3s.
Dickens (Charles). Biographical ed. illus. 19 vols. 1902. £5 5s.
Fennimore Cooper. 30 vols. 1889. £3 3s.
Ireland (Samuel). 9 vols. Beautiful set. 1791-5. £25.
Italian Novelists (The). Limited ed. 9 vols. 1892-7. £21.
Johnson (Dr. S.). 9 vols. Oxford. 1825. £2 2s.
Lytton (Lord). Knebworth ed. 40 vols. N.D. £3 10s.
Morley (Lord). Limited ed. de luxe. 15 vols. 1921. £15 15s.
Morris (W.). Limited ed. 24 vols. 1910-15. £12 12s.
Shakespeare (W.). Plays. 1st folio facsimile. 1808. £6 6s.
Scott (Sir W.). Waverley Novels. 48 vols. 1829. £6 6s.
Stevenson (R. L.). Vallima limited ed. 26 vols. 1922. £30.
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Full particulars from S. M. Toynce, M.A., Headmaster.

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Company Meeting

Modderfontein B. Gold Mines, Ltd.

(INCORPORATED IN THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA.)

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

Eighteenth Ordinary General Meeting of Shareholders, held in Johannesburg, on Friday, April 22, 1927.

The Chairman (Mr. J. Martin) said:—

GENTLEMEN,—

Before reviewing the operations of the Company during the past year, I wish to express our great regret at the retirement from the Board of Sir Evelyn Wallers. Sir Evelyn was a Director of this Company since its inception, and was our Chairman for over eleven years. Throughout this long period he took the keenest interest in your affairs, and rendered very valuable services to the Company.

The Annual Report and Accounts which are submitted for your approval to-day give full details of the Company's operations in 1926. The working profit for the year was £595,108 9s. 8d., which is a satisfactory improvement of £47,059 2s. 8d., or 8d. per ton milled, compared with the working profit for the preceding year. The higher working profit is due to an increase in the total working revenue of £40,200 19s. 3d., caused by the larger tonnage milled and a reduction in working costs equal to 10d. per ton milled. The yield of gold per ton milled was 2d. higher, but as the amount realized for Osmiridium was lower by 4d. per ton milled, the working revenue per ton milled shows a reduction of 2d.

The total profit for the year was £620,528 1s. 9d. After adding to this amount the balance of £382,599 3s. 11d. unappropriated at the commencement of the year, £301 6s. 1d. representing dividends forfeited and £29,494 6s. 0d. which accrued to the Company during the year under the Bewaarplaats Moneys Application Act, 1917, the Company had a total of £1,032,922 17s. 9d. to the credit of the Appropriation Account. This amount has been allocated as follows:—Dividends Nos. 28 and 29 of 40 per cent. each which absorbed £560,000; Government and Provincial Taxes totalling £84,492 15s. 6d., and a sum of £14,465 which has been set aside towards meeting the Company's outstanding liability under the Miners' Phthisis Acts Consolidation Act, 1925, leaving an unappropriated balance at December 31 last of £373,965 2s. 3d., which is represented by cash and cash assets after allowing for liabilities.

The Company's share of outstanding liability under the Miners' Phthisis Act just referred to which would be payable in the event of the closing down of the mine within twelve months of the 31st July, 1926, was estimated by the Miners' Phthisis Board at that date to be £156,256, which represents a small decrease of £2,594 compared with the figure for the previous year. The liability is calculated annually, and the Company has undertaken to set aside yearly during the estimated life of the mine, sums which together will meet the amount that may ultimately be found to be due. As shown in the accounts, £14,465 has been appropriated during the past financial year for this purpose. In addition to this provision for outstanding liability, a sum of £23,858 has been charged to working costs during the year to meet current levies under the Miners' Phthisis Act.

The standard of efficiency at the mine has been further improved. Although the average stoping width has been reduced from 54 inches to 49 inches, breaking costs again show a reduction. The percentage of waste sorted has been increased from 12.7 to 17.3 per cent. The use of mechanical scrapers—for clearing broken ore from the stope faces—which was referred to by the Chairman at the last Annual Meeting, has yielded very satisfactory results, and has been considerably extended. Working costs, at 18s. 5d. per ton milled, are the lowest achieved by the mine since the year ended 31st December, 1916.

An energetic development programme was again carried out during the year, mainly in the Eastern section of the mine, and the total footage accomplished shows an increase of 1,864 feet compared with the preceding year. Good progress has been made with the underground equipment of the Eastern section. The South-eastern Incline from the second haulage level east

has been connected with the cross-cut from the 5th level, and its equipment, which includes the erection of a winder, is proceeding satisfactorily. The development of the South-eastern portion of the property being nearly completed, it has been found possible to close down the South-east Circular Shaft.

During the year 581,200 tons of payable ore were developed of an average value of 6.07 dwts. per ton.

The ore reserve, recalculated as at December 31, 1926, totalled 2,461,780 tons of an average value of 7.38 dwts. over an estimated stoping width of 56.5 inches, which, compared with the preceding year, is lower by 252,030 tons; the average value is less by 0.16 dwt. per ton, and the estimated stoping width is narrower by 1.8 inches. The reduction in tonnage is due to the tonnage developed during the year being insufficient to replace the tonnage mined, to the exclusion from the reserve of low-grade blocks from which the richer portions had been mined, and also to the narrower estimated stoping width adopted. The small decline in value is due to the lower value of the ore developed during the year.

Since the beginning of the current year operations have been continued on about the same scale. The tonnage milled has been maintained at an average of 66,167 tons per month, which is slightly in excess of the monthly average during the previous year. Working costs show a small improvement equal to 1d. per ton milled; the yield is lower by 0.103 dwt. per ton milled. The working profit averaged £48,439 per month, compared with an average of £49,592 per month earned during the previous year. The results obtained from development show some improvement.

In conclusion, I have much pleasure in expressing the Board's cordial appreciation of the valuable services rendered during the past year by the Consulting Engineer, Mr. J. E. Healey, the Manager, Mr. C. L. Butlin, the Secretaries and their respective Staffs.

I now beg to move that the Directors' Report, Balance Sheet and Accounts for the year ended December 31, 1926, laid before the meeting, be received and adopted.

Mr. J. L. Jourdan seconded the motion.

The Chairman, in reply to a question by a shareholder, stated that prospecting in the Upper Leaders, by means of boreholes and cross-cuts, has taken place for some years, but that the tonnage obtained from this source was not large.

The values in the Eastern Section of the mine continued to be erratic. A large tonnage had, however, been developed in this section, and there was every prospect of opening up further payable ore.

The Chairman declared the subject open for discussion.

There being no further questions or discussion, the motion was put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

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